







**GOGMAGOG-HALL;**  
OR,  
**THE PHILOSOPHICAL LORD**  
AND THE  
**GOVERNESS.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*“Prodigious!!! or, Childe Paddie in London.”*

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*Troilus* — By my troth, sweet lord! thou hast a fine forehead — Let thy song  
be Love — This Love will undo us all — Oh! Cupid! Cupid! Cupid!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Les passions les plus violentes nous laissent quelquefois du relache, mais la  
vanite nous agite toujours

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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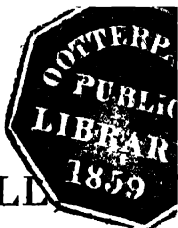
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# GOGMAGOG HALL

OR, THE

*Philosophical Lord and the Governess.*

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## CHAPTER I.

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“ Love is a smoke rais’d with the fume of sighs ;  
Being purg’d, a sparkling fire in lovers’ eyes ;  
Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with lovers’ tears :  
What is it else ?—a madness most discreet,  
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.”

*Romeo and Juliet.*

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**T**HE autumn of the year of our Lord 1818, of the Hegira 1197, or Judaical-ly 5823, was ordained by fate, or the necessity of philosophers, or some other mysterious concurrent principles, to bring

together in assembly some persons of the most discordant materials, in the shape of human animated matter, that ever was witnessed at Gogmagog Hall. Who would imagine that one hour could be passively endured between such oppositely contrasted characters as—a philosopher of the new school and a divine of the old?—an obsequious old maid, with some strong partialities for pugs and tabbies,—a lovely and amiable mother of four children, with her delighting husband, most uncommonly and hideously—an unfashionable dangler upon his wife, and a demirep of quality divorced from her husband,—an actor and a counsellor,—a young lady *really* accomplished, and therefore modest—another remarkably full of affectation—a quarterly reviewer of books, and one of his victims—a Moravian and a Quaker—a Jew and a Persian—with several others equally accordant! It would appear that eccentricity had at this time its full sway, in

bringing together this Joseph-coated assembly to the Hall, whose proprietor was the rich and most respectable plain MISTER MANNERS; but really it had nothing to do in the business. The bent of this worthy host, (whom we shall soon describe), was, in this best of all possible worlds, to make the best of *it*; and *that* by harmonizing all which turned up unpleasantly; or, in other words, gratifying each with his own hobby, which he had long perceived every one was determined to ride in his own way, like the modern pedestrian accelerator. This rule of action branched out from him in the shape of hospitality; his doors were always open to his friends (he consequently had many), and it was not an eccentric principle which induced him to *invite* the groupe just mentioned, for they voluntarily honoured this worthy host with their company at the fall of the leaf, or rather the commencement of winter, when our ancestors, poor dull

nature-enjoying animals, were leaving the leafless trees, and the bleak blasts of Boreas, for the Capital. Such is the mind when perverted by the factitious ordinances of fools, that habit at last makes summer become winter and winter summer. It has even turned day into night, and night into day ; and that glorious luminary, the sun, really has become far less useful to our modern exquisites, than it was formerly to our forefathers, and is, as it were, somewhat like an interloper upon wax lights and gas, those welcome auxiliaries to the midnight entertainments of the West. The same habit of inversion has made ice delicious in summer, roses, strawberries, and green peas in winter, and the rough gales of Eolus and Company, those cramp-bestowing gods, welcome at all times. But the alteration of the seasons had not infected Mr. Manners, the proprietor of Gogmagog Hall ; for nature was with him his *pro-mum mobile*, a life-giving principle ; and

yet he was not too fastidious in discarding the helping hand of art, if not applied at its expense. Mr. Manners's residence was within thirty miles of London, and consequently, in these horse-killing days, within three hours ride of the Capital. Perhaps this may account for his numerous visitors; for it may be observed, *en passant*, a gentleman is not precisely visited because his attainments and virtues are most eminent—not because he has studied, spoke, or fought for the good of his country—but because he don't live too far off to require post horses, because he may be one of us—or because, perhaps, a change of scene *must* inevitably take place with some people, to destroy the monster called *Ennui*, who is incessantly curling round the sons and daughters of dissipation, and infusing its torpid venom of dissatisfaction into their veins; or, in other words, because, they have nothing to do! The mansion of Mr. Manners was ample,

was magnificent, and his grounds disposed with peculiar taste; and yet they were neither laid out by BROWN, REPTON, PRICE, or even any of their apprentices in the picturesque. He had no grotto—that ingenious patchwork of shells, pebbles, looking-glasses, and moss, resembling neither any thing in heaven above nor earth beneath; nor any hermitage, with its most uneasy seat of excoriation—nor any water *made* in his demesne to complete the coup d’œil;—but there *was* a fish-pond, where the lonely, sentimental angler *might*, after weeping over the imaginary distress of some knight of the doleful countenance, or some wandering damsel, pull out her fish, and, exultingly unhooking it from the jaws of a suffering creature, again plunge it into the bowels of a writhing worm. We only mention that Mr. Manners *had* a fish-pond; for I can take upon myself to say, *I* never witnessed any of these angling recreations while

there upon my visit ; for, being rather of a book-worm turn, I spent much of my time in the library of my friend, and this I must describe a little. He had, as I was informed by his librarian, about thirty thousand volumes, from the most useful Pocket Companion up to Stuart's Athens—from Foulis's Greek thumb Classics up to Grævius and Gronovius ; nor was it pedantry in my friend forming this vast collection, for he made no parade ; visitors were not compelled to go in, as at the marriage feast ; he did not display them as a *cognoscenti*, but whoever shewed a desire to be acquainted with his choice collection, such he attended with a grateful politeness. Mr. Manners was rich ; and if he displayed a profusion in his character, independently of a hospitable house, it was in the encouragement of literature ; not by hawking about at auctions in search of books with so much margin, and first editions, but by the best editions of rare and valu-



able articles, never likely to be reprinted. As it is possible this *trait* will be more enlarged on in its proper place, we shall only add a few particulars of the previous history of Mr. Septimus Manners. The reader will excuse our tracing (in the Welch way) his genealogy up to the flood, or beyond it—the actual knowledge that he is upon the canvas being quite sufficient here. He was of a good family, as it is called ; and, when a boy, was sent to Eton school. In process of time he got to the higher forms, and was removed to Cambridge. It was designed by his father, and was his own wish also, to adopt the profession of the law ; but an uncle, who was extremely partial, persuaded him to try his fortune in the East Indies, where he himself had spent twenty-five years of his life, and had now returned to England for his health. Mr. Manners was with difficulty persuaded to become a merchant ; but the advantages were so prominent, the suc-

cess so certain in joining the house his uncle had established at Calcutta, that he at length consented ; and after an affectionate farewell to his beloved father and mother, whom, alas ! he was destined never to see again, he embarked. His success there was commensurate with the most respectable out-fit he had started with ; and as his superior education qualified him to shine among the higher orders, added to a fine complacency of disposition, he was upon all occasions resorted to in the adjustment of differences, to the great loss of lawyers then and there residing ; besides, he was elected member of several subordinate boards in the civil jurisdiction then existing, and, on all occasions, his character, conduct, and penetration, were so apparent, so consistent, that Mr. Manners, had he soared higher than the merchant, would most probably, in due time, if he had *condescended* to intrigue for that purpose, become the Governor-General. But he

had no ambition ; or at least of that description ; for the well-implanted bias of his mind was this—*not* to go through this world in a perpetual broil and ferment, with all the bad passions called from their hiding-places, to achieve what would give no content, satisfaction, nor even glory. The high sounding honours of a name beginning with right honourable, or lord, or marquis, were no allurements for him ; his watchful eye saw disquiet lurking with contracted brow beneath this tinsel ;—a monopoly of rice, of salt, or betel, he thought, though it might enrich future generations, and gain a title, he knew would starve the present ; and that would, or should, render him sleepless. The even tenor of his way was therefore undisturbed ; for when repeatedly pressed to office of high import, wherein his commanding abilities were wanted, and would shine with honest and therefore pure lustre, he was not to be tempted. “ Distraction and dismay

would," he repeated, " be my portion, unless I descend to the same arts ye all adopt, to keep up that ascendancy ye have once gained ;—and why should I ? My income is ample, and my time fully occupied ;—connected with, and honoured by the friendship of the superior residents, I am content." Mr. Manners continued at Calcutta for four years, when the appalling news came at once of the dissolution of his beloved parents. This was a heart-rending scene to a son ever affectionate to those who had shewn him every indulgence compatible with their limited fortune. His sufferings were acute—he felt the hand of desolation upon him, nearly isolated—with but one relation left in the world, his good old uncle, who had set him afloat with a capital, which he had since repaid. The letters from his uncle were most kind ; but they could not heal the wounds caused by the loss of a father and mother who had been so tender, so protecting,

so attached ;—for, alas! what is the human soul without the social sympathy? Solitude of mind, or body, may be fit for devils—never for man. The anguished heart brooding over its own griefs, nourishes, instead of relieves it from the deadly weight which oppresses it. He had no sister to commiserate with, or to share his sorrows; yet time, though it does not extinguish the memory of past recollections, alleviates, and the poignant grief is divested of its barb, which, though not extracted, is less and less felt every day. The condolence of friends paid its customary and not unwelcome tribute: although in most cases it is very unmeaning, and generally insincere, still it finds its way to the heart, so much are we disposed to credit that which we would fain believe as true. Among the many who had honoured Mr. Manners with this visit of ceremony, was the Nabob of \*\*\*\*, to whom Mr. Manners had previously been instrumental in rendering a most important service. The

Nabob had been suspected (very unjustly) of collusion with one of the native powers, then at war with the Company, and was arrested; and his destruction was most probably inevitable, had not Mr. Manners investigated the mysterious transaction, and publicly proved the innocence of the accused. The Nabob, on this occasion, invited over to his country-seat that friend now in grief; and by change of scene, and the sincere tribute of friendship expressed to him in his family circle of a sense of those obligations once conferred, and by the amiable and domestic qualities of his wife and daughters, he hoped to wean him from his melancholy. The stratagem succeeded, but not precisely as intended. In the circle to which he was now introduced, were the Nabob, his lady, three daughters and son, and a young lady (then said to be upon a visit) of extraordinary beauty, though of an Asiatic cast; her features were regular, her eyes

large, dark, and expressive ; her brows finely arched, and nearly meeting ; her mouth small ; her hair, in natural ringlets, flowed most gracefully over a forehead remarkable by its contrast of white with her raven tresses. Her stature was of the middle cast, and elegantly formed. There was a mystery evidently appended to this unknown fair, the solution of which was avoided on the part of the Nabob. She had servants to attend her ; which was done with the most extraordinary respect. What were his friend's motives for reserve, or concealment, he could not conceive ; yet he had delicacy sufficient to avoid pressing this unwelcome, though to him very important point, on the Nabob ; for it should be told that the young English merchant's story had already reached the family, and that the lovely Zara shewed those sympathizing emotions, and delicately eager attentions to the stranger, which by him were indeed feelingly ap-

preciated. She importuned him for a recital of the manners and customs of that country of which he was a native; shared with him in his sorrows for the loss of parents. “I too,” said she, “had a beloved mother, whom I shall never again see.” Tears flowing fast, and impeding her further utterance, she retired. Mr. Manners was struck with the scene, and felt an agitation unusual and inexplicable. He looked at his friend, but no explanation was there; and as the sun had now begun to exert its fiery beams in those torrid regions, he proposed to retire to his apartment. The following morning, walking with his friend, in a grove of oranges, which shed their delicious fragrance, wafting the perfumes of both fruit and flowers from the same trees, Mr. Manners implored the history of the fair and mysterious incognita, but unsuccessfully.—“My really valued and beloved Manners,” replied the Nabob, putting his



fingers on his lips, “on this subject alone you must not, but on all others you may command me. There are such paramount reasons for my silence, that I now request you will not only promise me to mention her name no more, but when you return to Calcutta, divulge not a syllable to any one, even of the existence of this lovely and blushing young creature. Time hence, my friend! all shall be explained.”

It is surely unnecessary to observe that, even in the best directed and staid mind, curiosity, when once excited, is not easily allayed; and more especially—when the heart is concerned; a restless, feverish thirst is induced, which the cup of possession alone can quench; the ardent soul now seeking more intensely for other undiscovered perfections, real or ideal, pants for their enjoyment. And so it is uniformly through life, in all our pursuits; each sets up his fancied goal of felicity; nor does he cease to run un-

til he arrives at the post so long seen at  
 an immeasurable distance, and now,  
 when reached, turns out a post of mock-  
 ery. The pleasure was in the chace ;  
 for the mind, as well as the body, must  
 be kept in incessant activity, like the  
 pool of Bethesda, whose healing virtues  
 were not imparted until the angel troubled  
 the waters. So in like manner is the  
 order of our existence ; and although  
 some modern theorists, with their sceptic  
 notions of this *not* being a vale of  
 tears, or rather of probation, would in-  
 sist upon our adoption of (what *they call*)  
 a more chearful philosophy, it is all in  
 vain, for the *facts* are against them. A  
 life of calm and negative virtue ! How  
 can it be ?—A life of bustling active vir-  
 tue, is more fitting, judging by experi-  
 ence ; but even in *that* career, what  
 heart-rending objects does not man meet  
 with in this nether sphere, to dash even  
 his own benevolence, well exercised.  
 He is cheated, imposed upon—his kind-

ness is abused ; his exertions repaid by ingratitude ; his faith is mocked and turned into ridicule, though the fruits of it are ever so shining ; his very example is attributed to hypocrisy ; his political independence is traduced by party ; and finally, the man who dares to be honest, and think honestly, must look to please himself, and to find the satisfaction in his own breast, not in the applause of his contemporaries ; for, alas, that is—all venal !

For the dull world most honour pay to those,  
 Who on their understanding most impose ;  
 First man creates, and then he fears the elf ;  
 Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.  
 He hates realities, and loves the cheat ;  
 And still the only pleasure's the deceit.  
 From stratagem to stratagem we run,  
 And he knows most who latest is undone.

GARTH.

Let *him* not look for poetical eulogiums ;  
 he will find in those, *all* are men of Ross !  
 Let him not look for pompous marble

mausoleums when he dies ; they cover the infamous as well as the famous, and the inscriptions are lying ones. Let *him* not look to titles ; they set off the heraldic glories of a villain as well as the honourable man. Let no one look to posthumous fame.

The good that man did, dies with him ;  
His virtues engraved in water.

Alas ! he may, per contract, get as much eulogium as he pleases, from the poet, the statuary, and the herald, for less than five hundred pounds ; and if that gives content by anticipation, the rich can and do get it.—But to return to Mr. Manners, who had promised compliance with his friend's injunctions : he grew however uneasy, restless, unquiet. He felt that decided attachment to the fair Indian, which (he allowed) partook of the romantic. “ A being I never beheld till yesterday, and who, indeed, with that angelic frame, may have

the vices of a Circe. Beauty and virtue!—how rarely united!—It is the fate of the lovely, too, to be deficient in those solid acquirements which will alone render the path of life companionable. Alas! what is all this? I have no interest in her heart, nor is it likely I ever can have. Her station must be superior and eminent, for she bears most ineffably all the graces of command.” After soliloquizing thus, in the aromatic groves of Eastern opulence, on turning a vista, he beheld the lady of the Nabob and the Princess (for such she was) Zara, hastening to meet “the agreeable Englishman,” as he was called. After the usual salutations, his elegant hostess said, “Mr. Manners, we have gone through a perfect Indian hunt after you, and my most sovereign lord, there. I perceive you have been watching Aurora from her hiding-place; but, like the fable of the Travellers, you will, ere long, find her beams too strong for your

attack ; and I therefore warn you to desist in your hunt, and propose that our morning collation should be made in the bower, which is, indeed, the retreat of Flora. Your divine Milton gave us a fine description of one which held, some thousand years back, the father and mother of all, in his 4th Book of *Paradise Lost* ; and, though no judge of the picturesque, I have not only availed myself of his taste, but have added many of our twining and creeping plants that are peculiar to this clime, and odorous to the sense, to decorate it ; for I think we ought to imitate nature, especially where she reigns, and shew our gratitude for her spontaneous benevolence, by observing her operations, and aiding them." Saying this, she led the lovely veiled Zara to the arbour so prized by the family. We shall not further describe the repast ; but the scene was next to Paradise. The two younger children playing on the lawn ; the father and mother en-

joying their innocent and buoyant gaiety, with that real and heart-felt satisfaction appreciable only by parents. The time of breakfast was unusually protracted, for Mr. Manners had the audacity, on that occasion, to be uncommonly amiable and entertaining. He ran through topic after topic ; discussed, descanted, commented, remarked, and ransacked every hive of European news which he thought would be most interesting to the fair stranger ; nor did he, until the *Dejeuné equipage* was removed, and reminded by his hostess, perceive it, and that the bright god of day was marching on with glorious and overpowering strides, like a giant refreshed. The Nabob, a man of penetration, saw his friend's heart getting out of its place, but forbore any remark at that time. The gentle Zara, with greedy ear, devoured up the stranger's discourse, and was occasionally as abstracted as a statue, though by no means as cold. Artless, unpractised in European refine-

ment, which, in many cases, is but another word for hypocrisy, her eyes were intensely fixed upon Mr. Manners, who had, in a most extraordinary way, engrossed that morning's conversation.

To judge by the beams of those lovely orbs, he had not been very tiresome; and whether Cupid, that sly, arch, and cruel little god, this morning lay ambushed in the cup or bell of a flowret, or even in the bud of a jasmine, and there, with his urchin and boy-like mischief-loving tricks, became desirous of shewing off a little sport, and thence drew his bow, and pierced with an arrow the heart of Zara, it is difficult to state, though it might be assumed so; and yet much is often assumed that is untrue, and reasoned too upon such hypothesis. To appreciate effects from causes, such however might be stated as the fact; for it was afterwards observed that Zara became embarrassed, confused, and blushing upon more occasions than one; rest-



less, starting, abstracted ; and sometimes her long and dark eye-lashes were observed tinged with the remains of a tear, hastily attempted to be brushed away when any one *brushed in* unexpectedly upon her. Yet she was not unhappy, not miserable ; and her face would beam with renewed radiance after these showers, as we see in infantine cheeks, which surely look more angelic after their little distresses are over. Mr. Manners was a thorough oriental scholar, for the inimitable Sir William Jones had been his tutor at college ; and before he left England, the poetry of Hafez and Ferdosi were his travelling companions. He had a good ear for music, and was a tolerable proficient on the flute and violin ; his voice too was rich, and he sung with very good taste for an amateur. Now it happened that Zara did the same ; and hence, by a congeniality of taste for amusement, they were, during the month of his retreat at the Nabob's villa, very much together.

\* Zara played the lute to perfection ; her voice was melodious, though of a deep or lower key, resembling the singular and impressive tone of SIGNORA GRASSINI, formerly at the opera, which, while she exercised in serious parts, made every one to feel ; such was Zara's also ; and their occasional concerts, duets, walks, conversaziones, finally ended, as might have been anticipated, by a mutual passion, not indeed divulged in form of words, but palpably so in every gesture, look, and tone. The Nabob was aware of all this ; but as he had exacted his friend's word not to search into his mystery, he could exact no further. The time now arrived when it became necessary that Mr. Manners should return to CALCUTTA, and resume his mercantile concerns ; for a large fleet, long expected from Europe, were in sight, and immediate intelligence had been conveyed to him. For the first time, he appeared insensible to his duties ; for every man

has such ; he loitered, he lingered, day after day, basking in the beams of beauty, which had the effect of lighting up a flame he knew not how to check, or when it would be extinguished. The day preceding his departure, in a melancholy fit of abstraction, walking in the deep and shady labyrinth of the grove, he encountered, at a sudden turn, the lovely Zara in tears. This was, indeed, a cause for a thousand hurrying and imprudent ideas, rushing to his heart all at once. No longer restraining himself, he fell at her feet—avowed his fervent passion, and most unalterable attachment,—conjured her to pity his despairing case,—when, lo ! the Nabob suddenly broke in upon the lovers, and informed him coldly that his palanquin was ready at the door, for the affairs of the merchants could be delayed no longer. “ Pardon me, my friend ! ” replied Mr. Manners, “ I go ; but if I erred, my whole life shall atone ; the lovely Zara has inspired

that passion within my breast which time can never efface. It is pure and unsullied ; and if you have the friendship, sir ! that you boast, you will use your influence to induce Zara to look favourably on my suit ; and——“ Cease, cease, for the present, my dear Manners ! Still dear,—but—you know not what you do ; my honour, my life, and fortune, may be the forfeit of your rashness.”——“ Your life !—what is this I hear ?”——“ At present, Manners, I cannot, nor will I explain more.” And hurrying him on, like the angel with the flaming sword watching the first pair, reluctantly quitting their Paradise, he bid him adieu ! Zara had sunk into a garden chair, and was so found by the Nabob’s lady, who, seeing the cavalcade at the door, became alarmed, and ran into the different apartments of the lovers, from thence into the labyrinth, and now assisted her back to the mansion.

## CHAPTER II.

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“ Our friend has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more, and richer, when he strains that Lady :  
I cannot blame his conscience.”—*Henry VIII.*

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MR. MANNERS was now on his way home, with intellects nearly frenzied. “ Why did not my friend—friend, indeed!—inform me who she is?—Where is the culpability of my attachment, under these circumstances, and what is this mystery?” With such interrogations, and such reasonings, but with a firm resolve (after the pressing business of occasion was dispatched) to revisit his friends and his Zara, he arrived at Calcutta. Although nearly unfitted for active mercantile exertion, he thought that the sooner his duties were completed,

the sooner he would be able to return to his friends. His energies, therefore, sprung forth with redoubled force, like a madman breaking his bonds; and as his friend, the Nabob, had promised to visit him in two days, he now kept his word, and found Mr. Manners occupied indeed, but wearing that cast of countenance as if the hectic tinge of approaching fever was upon him. They retired; Mr. Manners conjured him to be open, and candidly to speak without the smallest reserve; re-avowed his unalterable love for the fascinating Zara; detailed his property as sufficient for all the purposes even of splendour, although he generally avoided it; and earnestly entreated him to be his friend—in this respect at least. “Dearest Manners! I am indeed your friend! Think me not your enemy, when I advise you to conquer this unhappy attachment. I bleed for you. Pity is no stranger to this breast; and I share with you all the pangs which my own

want of foresight has caused. Zara never can be yours ;—she is a Mysore Princess of the most exalted rank. Not, my dear friend ! that any rank, however exalted, can be put in competition with your acknowledged virtues. She is already affianced, and my life and fortune is at your mercy, if you persist in this affair. Her father is the Rajah of \*\*\*\* and has entrusted her to me, as his own divan is at present in the utmost confusion, until the Prince of \*\*\*\*, who is now on a campaign against the \*\*\*\*, returns. I ought not to add, but I will conceal nothing from you, my friend ! that this cruel and ferocious robber, destined to be her husband, she loaths and detests ; yet it is unavailing all, for her father is inexorable, and his will is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which change not. Besides, Mr. Manners, she is a Mahomedan ; and *that* I should readily suppose to be an insuperable bar. Think then no more of this

affair. I allow she is interesting—aye, even bewitching!—but really, for you to fall in love with a Princess, is too romantic for the present day.” — “ My friend, hear me !” replied Mr. Manners ; “ Did I love her less than I do, not a tittle of what you have urged as obstacles to my success, should weigh with me for a moment ; still less so when death itself becomes a preferable lot to living without her. Such angelic innocence !—So pure !—unartificial !—uninfected with those odious vices of *refined* societies, which tarnish, instead of adding to the lustre of woman, already by nature delighting !—No, my friend ! the impediments you speak of, add fuel to the flame that burns within ; they light up a beacon which shall talismanically direct me through the enterprise†—(the Nabob here thought Mr. Manners rather flighty)—and that which is worth enjoying, is worth fighting for. However, let us consider the insurmountables. Her fa-



ther, you say, is one of the tributary princes to the Company ; I will see him ; her betrothed is not unknown to me ; his character is abominable ; treacherous, though brave, and avaricious ; there may be a way of dealing with him too, which, however, requires deliberation. Your last objection, my friend, is the most weighty ; yet, have we not all a right to worship God in the way *our own conscience* tells us is best ?

“ By education most have been misled ;  
 So they believe, because they so were bred ;  
 The priest continues what the nurse began,  
 And thus the child imposes on the man.”

“ The lovely angel (for *I* will not call her sinner) has not been better instructed. Her own heart will, should I be the happy man to possess it, induct her into that divine code of Christianity, when I will expatiate upon its beauty,—its reality ; then, by comparison, she must reject the Koran and adopt the

Bible ; and should she not ? Why then, my dear friend, she shall, with all the virtues of Christian meekness, follow still her own creed, and say her prayers in her own way ; but if it would gratify your friendship, know then, she will not convert me into the errors of Mahomed.”

The Nabob smiled at Mr. Manners’s mode of solving difficulties ; he called them Quixotic, Herculean, unachievable ; and added, with a very grave tone, “ Mr. Manners ! I have thus far done my duty, in warning you of the precipice on which you stand ; allow me now to do a duty towards myself, by informing you, that under the present circumstances, I cannot allow you to meet Zara again without permission of her father : a trust so weighty, I should be unworthy of, and become even despicable in your eyes, were I to abet a scheme so wild and visionary.” Mr. Manners turned pale, and said, “ As you please, sir ! ” — “ Nay,” replied the Nabob, seizing his

hand, "talk not so coldly; if the sacrifice of half my fortune were the price of your happiness, it should be yielded up this instant; and that family you blessed, by my return to their dear circle, occasioned by your generous and masterly interference, would bless me for the act. Do not let me think meanly of myself; I should rejoice to see you united with Zara—but it is impossible. Farewell, my dear friend! I must not stay."—"Stay, I beseech you!" said Mr. Manners. "Pardon me, if I have violated not only the hospitality of your house, by my imprudence, but in addition—suspected the honourable motives that guide you; however, in all chivalric and legitimate warfare, though *you* must, as an act of duty throw down the gauntlet, *I* receive it with all due complacency, and you shall hear from me soon."

Mr. Manners was a man of singular energy of character; he lost not one mo-

ment. In the pressing urgency of his affairs—of the heart we mean—he instantly sat down, and wrote to his loved Zara, avowing his passion, and that he should (with her concurrence) adopt every honourable method to frustrate her betrothment to the young Prince of\*\*\*\*, and to obtain the acquiescence of her father. Mr. Manners dispatched this, before (he suspected) the Nabob could have reached home, by one of his servants, who had himself a small love affair in the same house. He then resolved to arrange a journey up the country, to the father of his Zara, to observe the old Prince's disposition, or tractability. For this purpose, as he stood high in a knowledge of Indian affairs, his mere suggestion of the probable success of a mission to that court, was enough to get himself appointed upon the embassy. Previous to his departure, he took a partner into his extensive concern; a very shrewd, intelligent, and active charac-

ter ; and thus having set his house in order, he anxiously waited the reply of Zara before he departed ; but it came not. He then marched to the court of \*\*\*\*, which was then a prey to the utmost dissension ; and under pretence of renewing an old treaty, he gained all the insight he required of the Prince. He found him to be tenderly and remarkably attached to his daughter, and equally bent on the proposed match with the chieftain. Yet the old Prince (by that insinuation and amenity of character that peculiarly was the forte of Mr. Manners) was led by degrees to impart a vast confidence to the most handsome and agreeable Englishman that had hitherto appeared at his court. The Prince was told, the general opinion held by the Company of his future son-in-law, the chieftain, as decidedly adverse to the prosperity of the father of Zara. This had its weight. Mr. Manners then entered, with much modesty, into those various

measures of policy which *might* be supposed would operate to add to his (the Prince's) dignity and reputation. Instead of coalescing with the weak and the treacherous, he advised the cementing union of more stable powers, that could support him in emergency ; instead of confiding in his ministers, (slaves to his despotic will, and to their places, and therefore sure to flatter, lie, and deceive), he ventured to hint at certain changes and reforms which would effectually consolidate the pre-eminence of his state. Novelty is generally alluring ; but it becomes always caught at, and adopted too, if that novelty really proposes a good ; and such was in reality proposed by Mr. Manners, whose most extensive reading in the science of legislation, rather fitted him for the ministerial office than that of the merchant ; but, in the lottery of life, unquestionably many are put into eminent situations who should have been cobblers, bricklay-

ers, and weavers ; and, *vice versa*,  
many

A flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Mr. Manners gained, therefore, that ear of confidence from the old Prince, which cemented into an intimacy quite new and extraordinary at that court, with one a foreigner, and an Englishman. His departure was delayed ; and, not many days after, the father of Zara himself brought up the subject of his daughter's future destination. This was, indeed, touching upon a tender string ; and Mr. Manners's fortitude had nearly forsaken him. His change of countenance, however, was not unnoticed ; and the old Prince, after telling him that he had placed her at the Nabob's of \*\*\*\*, our hero replied, “ that that Nabob was his friend ; and that he had seen there one of the most lovely of creation—one whom it was not idolatry to bow down

to; whose smiles were as the rays of the morning—whose innocence was as the snow-drop, whose——” “Hey, dey! my good English friend!—these are Orientalisms, little expected of one of your climate; but tell me, who was this lovely one, at your and my friend’s, with whose charms you appear enraptured?” “May it please your highness! the visions of the Paradise of your prophet, where are those lovely houris in perpetual youth, the reward of the faithful believers in the Koran, could not all make up one reality in the person of my Zara.”—“Ah!” exclaimed the Prince, “didst *thou* then dare to pollute the sanctuary with thy unhallowed touch?—has *my* daughter dared?”—“Oh, no! gracious Prince!” throwing himself at the feet of his highness; “it is not for me to aspire so high; such amazing brightness must be the allotment of the most virtuous and magnanimous of your realms; but is it a crime to love,



unutterably, to gaze on a breathing image, which we could gaze on for ages, and yet keep within the hallowed precincts ? Oh, my lord ! the Zara I saw, I *will* adore ; no other did, nor ever shall usurp the throne of my heart. Had I diadems to bestow, all would be too poor in competition with that innocence and peace resting on those brows of jet ; and is that that angel, most gracious Prince ! your daughter, thus immured beneath the roof of my friend ?—Pardon my assurance ; I knew not her station ; and yet, had I known her to be queen of the world, I should, and will boldly avow I must have loved ——” “ Then, sir,” replied the Prince, “ your presumption shall be properly rewarded !” stamping with his feet, and laying his hand upon his sword. Mr. Manners did the same !—“ No !” thoughtfully replied the Prince, “ you shall retire to your residence, and not depart until further orders.” Mr. Manners was guarded home, and kept a close

prisoner for nearly three weeks, in his house, but treated with great respect by the guards. At the end of that period, he was summoned before the Divan of the Prince. Conscious of innate rectitude in all his actions, and dressing himself in the highest style of magnificence, he would have met with firmness the blow he expected. On being ushered into the hall of state, he found the chief officers around the royal person, the body guard with naked sabres, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of a state trial. The Prince's contracted brow bespoke no good omen; yet, what had he done? and what trial or punishment dare be inflicted in this court upon him, then a tributary to the Company. These thoughts, with a sort of calm anxiety, obtruded themselves as he surveyed the saloon of audience, to which he was now guarded. The Prince arose:—"Ministers! Governors of Provinces! and soldiers! Attend!—What should be the fate of

that plebeian merchant who has dared and aspired to mix his blood with that of royalty?—who has even presumed to gaze on your future queen, and, for aught we know, has whispered his Christian counsels in her ear?—who has insulted majesty with projects of reform, which might endanger the places of you my secretary at war, you the minister for the home department, you my foreign secretary, my master of the ordnance, and perhaps one half of you ! But I will not appeal to you ; my will is law. Go, lead him to execution, and I will see the law performed myself!—Bear him away!” —and stamping with his feet, he was thrust alone into an adjoining dark room, which had all the appearance of a prison ; but when the outside door was bolted upon him, a curtain gently rose, and discovered the lovely Zara upon a sofa, in a magnificent apartment. Oh ! then the tumult of joy that rushed into her heart, when she started forward to em-

brace him, who was now lost in astonishment at this unexpected and electrifying scene. He fell on his knees,—kissed her garment,—vowed eternal constancy, and imperishable attachment, whatever fate was in reserve for him ; and was pouring forth that fond tribute to the most peerless of her sex, when a side door, concealed by tapestry, opened, and the old Prince rushed in, covering him with embraces. “ My dear sir ! pardon the strange ways of an old despot, who for a short period thought the honour of his house tarnished and degraded by your attachment to his daughter. Your independence of character has roused me from the torpidity of my own ; for once, I have thought and acted like a man ! It was necessary to know something more of you ; and while you was domiciled, my emissaries were despatched to the Nabob’s, and to Calcutta, with power to enquire into your respectability, conduct, and wealth, and to bring home

my daughter. They have all returned, loaded with such encomiums upon your high character, that it was with much difficulty I could persuade myself to act the farce of your mock trial ; in which, no one but myself knew my motives, or had any participation. I wished to see how you could bear the reverses of fortune ; and having put you to the test, and tried you somewhat unfairly, I own, (that is, being judge and jury too), I here hand you over to your executioner !” placing Mr. Manners’s hand into that of his Zara’s, and putting his handkerchief to his own eyes. Oh, how delicious are such moments, partaking more of ethereal joys than of earthly ; moments occurring but once in our pilgrimage,—rarely witnessed in life,—to many, never. The doting fondness of a father was gratified to its utmost tension, in seeing the child of his heart united with the man he himself preferred, and without the arbitrary dictum of parental au-

thority, exercised as it too often harshly is. On the other hand, Mr. Manners, adopted by a prince, as his future son-in-law, and received too with open arms by that being whose smiles were the harbingers of joy—but particularly when that joy was to last till death—what delight! Ye who have partaken of these raptures, may appreciate those of this pair: and ye who have not, know that such have existed, and did continue to exist until the grim monster death, who assails the happy as well as the miserable with his sting, parted them. The Prince was, from that time, continually closeted with Mr. Manners. He found him not only the lover of his daughter, but the statesman, for he knew more of the Prince's dominions than he did himself, so difficult is it to get truth into the ear of royalty, for, alas, it is too possible that they turn a deaf ear, except to what makes for their *selfishness*. Such

was not the Prince of \*\*\*\*; he was weak, rather than vicious; bred up in a tyrannical court, where will was law, the tares of despotism took root in his heart; and the maintenance of authority by tinselled splendour, rather than the content and benedictions of his subjects, was the sole cause and effect with him. “And now, my son!” said the old Prince one day in his closet, “no longer must thou be the merchant, but the stationary resident here; thy counsels are the best jewels in my crown; my beloved daughter I cannot part with, and *now* too, that she has made a father’s heart doubly happy, by the independence of her choice; for, believe me, I closely questioned her as to this fact, and she had the audaciousness decidedly to tell me, that you was her only choice, and that she never would marry the chieftain Prince. It is not unpleasing, however, to add, that we are saved that

feud, or difficulty, by news I received yesterday; for this brave, but daring character, was killed in a fray with some of his own people. But come, my son, into the treasury, and receive the dowry prepared for the husband of my daughter Zara." And so saying, he loaded him with such presents of jewels of high value, and money, that the merchant, in the overflowing of his gratitude, could not *speak*; which is not an uncommon case even in England. In a short period, the happy pair were united, according to the Mahomedan forms of splendour, and an English chaplain, from the nearest residence, repeated the ceremonial. Mr. Manners became appointed, by the Company, residentiary at the court of \*\*\*\*, and, during all that period, the principality was prosperous. The lovely Zara became the mother of three children, all daughters, who died young; and when time snatched the good old



Prince from his dominions, he was succeeded by the next male heir. Mr. Manners lost his Zara too : and then, naturally pining for his native land, being thus desolate, and in years, with abundance of wealth, he adopted the resolution of visiting England once more, and had here, for some years, fixed his residence at Gogmagog Hall, where our scene of action is placed. The author is not at liberty to state how it was possible for a Christian and a Mahomedan to be united in the bonds of wedlock, or rather how they could live happily ; such was, however, the fact ; and one fact is worth a thousand arguments ; though it is most clear he could prove that more discordant causes often do produce even harmonious effects ; and that without much philosophizing. He has observed in Ireland, a Protestant and Catholic union not to impede the happiness of the two individuals made one ; and so it was in this

case. The good old uncle, who had contributed to set his nephew forth in the world, had, some time before his arrival, departed this life, and considerably added to Mr. Manners's property.

## CHAPTER III.

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He would have all as merry  
 As first—good company, good wine, good welcome,  
 Can make good people.

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HAVING now given the story of our host's previous career, we shall describe the company which that day dined at the Hall; and the first was one

Whose form was plump, and a light did shine,  
 In his round and ruby face;  
 Which shew'd an outward visible sign  
 Of an inward spiritual grace;

the Reverend Doctor *Godfrey*, a *resident* clergyman in the neighbourhood. To be sure he had two other good livings, *where* it may be inferred he was a non-resident. The worthy reverend, with

his face of rubicundity, holding forth the outward and visible sign of peace and plenty, was really, however, what is called a very good sort of man ; he never took his tythes in kind—never quarrelled about straws, *i. e.* with his neighbouring hearers, farmers, and labourers,—preached regularly every Sunday,—had a large family, most of whom were in a fair way of promotion, owing to causes we shall hereafter explain,—and finally, was so orthodox in muscle, that he never would interfere where any violation of temper, occasioned by the heat of argument, was likely to disturb the even tenor of his way. He was christened by all—the good-natured parson ; for, after many had exhausted their cornucopias of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, on either side of a question, he would then edge in a word, not only to put all straight, but to promote charity and mutual forbearance, much in the way of Peter Dandin (in Rabelais),

who made up quarrels after the resentment of the parties had cooled. The negative character, therefore, of the reverend had its uses, as the opposite active one has too often its abuses, to account for. Neutrality in life is very rare ; and, perhaps, justly so ; for little is to be elicited from the no-character ; but still, on the other hand, the extremes of party spirit are sad sappers and miners of that mountain upon which truth sits, although that cardinal virtue is said to be seated on a rock ! Dr. Godfrey lived in good style, kept his carriage, and, without being brilliant, was a useful character. There was one lawyer in his parish, but he, alas ! was starving ; for the parishioners of Fairthorne village went to the spiritual instead of the legal arbiter, and he always laughed away their discontents by the proposal of some little concession on both sides, perhaps insignificant enough, which, from an authority of such weight, generally had the

desired effect, especially as it was given without a 6s. 8*d.* being demanded.

The next, on the left of Mr. Manners at the dinner table, was the ingenious and metaphysical freethinker, Mr. Fentum, whose writings have made considerable noise in the world. It would be difficult precisely to make out what political party he sided with, for he has attacked them all in turn ; but it is very easy to point out his opposition to Christianity, which he has unceasingly attacked, and unceasingly attacks with all the virulence of Voltaire, but without his wit ; and at the same time it must be admitted, without the Frenchman's disingenuousness ; what he asserts is asserted boldly ; but still, like the lesser Teucer under the shield of Ajax, he covers himself with the mantle of Hobbes, whenever he marches forth with his pen in hand to battle. As we shall have further occasion to exhibit Mr. Fentum on our canvas, we shall here dismiss him by saying that there was

always a seat for him at Mr. Manners's table, and that he was lively, logical, and convivial in company.

The third was a lady rather in the wane of life, and a maiden one, of the name of Miss Grace Gaskin. This lady was possessed of an annuity of 250*l.* left her by an uncle, and she somehow contrived to live without trenching upon more than a fifth part of it, for with her own peculiar and ineffable grace, and occasional smirk and toss of the head, she condescendingly invited herself to so many houses, that she might justly be compared to a draper's commercial traveller, who, most likely, never resided for three weeks in any one town for whole years. She therefore ramified the beams of that countenance most benevolently among all her friends and acquaintance, to the remotest generation, inasmuch, as several have, at last, when she found their houses to be so particularly agreeable, exclaimed, "how in the name of

goodness came we acquainted with Miss Gaskin?" Cold looks, not at home, the parlour fire let out, were no hints to this lady, for with her charitable way of thinking, she made allowances for these casualties, even when repeated, and many of the younger and more frolicsome part of the family, on running to the window after her well-known double knock, have exclaimed, "Monsieur Tonson come again!" still Miss Gaskin kept good company; but if truth should be told, all company was good that would endure her. Her temper was, as may have been already inferred, ever unruffled, her smile ever ready, and as she had a very remarkable memory, was always somehow *au fait* let what would be said, and upon any subject, although, for the sake of literary justice, we must add, it was generally inappropriate to the matter in hand; if any smiled or laughed, she immediately expanded a mouth of no small dimensions, and exhibited the most jaundiced or jealous



colour looking set of teeth ever beheld : her reading had been very diffuse ; she was a talking Idolater of chemistry, an Idoliser of Botany, passionately fond of cards, finery, tabbies, and pugs ; could paint match figures for chimney ornaments, and escort young misses to church, or the theatre, when orders for the latter might be sent rather late, and none of the gentlemen chose to go. Such as she was, however, she was at Mr. Manners's table that day, having previously fastened herself upon Dr. Godfrey for a fortnight, whose acquaintance with her was as remote as the Welch genealogies.

Opposite to Miss Gaskin, was seated the Honourable Mrs. Fauconberg ; and next to the preceding lady, her husband. This very extraordinary couple had, for some years past, the audacity to be really and affectionately attached to each other ; a thing so unfashionably incredible, that we could not avoid noticing it. Living

among the *haut ton*, visiting and visited, it is not too much to expect they will be some short time hence, read out of that circle, the rules of which they outrageously violate; for they so unblushingly proceed as to be even seen together in their private box of the theatre, enjoying the passing scene; and at the conclusion, Mr. Fauconberg waiting upon her with all the marked attentions of an Italian Cicisbeo. This gentleman was of a good family, and had been abroad in a diplomatic capacity, rather, it was supposed, to gratify his thirst for knowledge, than—gain or promotion. He married his lady when she was but twenty, the daughter of a respectable clergyman; and what small fortune devolved to her, the affectionate remembrance of a departed uncle, her husband divided, on the day of his marriage, among her unwedded sisters. Mrs. Fauconberg was exceedingly engaging; her features not individually handsome, but the

*toute ensemble*, aided by her fine eyes, and fine figure, inspired all, but the vicious, with genuine respect. She was exceedingly attached to her husband and children ; and a sample of such conjugal felicity, so publicly seen, and fearlessly displayed before a world that appears to be racing in quest of vicious novelty, could not here be passed over.

On the left of Mr. Fauconberg, sat the Right Honourable Lady Shuffle, the repudiated wife of Lord Windermere, but since remarried to Lord Shuffle. The reader must feel naturally shocked, that company should be so little select, as thus associating with a woman who had made a dereliction from her conjugal duty sworn at the altar. We fervently request the reader not to faint, during his or her examination of this picture ; for, as artists say, it is in perfect keeping ; or, as *we* may add, it is genuine. There were times, indeed, when women went into nunneries before they even became

wanton ; but now, no such receptacle is to be found in this reformed age ; and the consequence is, as Dr. Johnson says, that they hang *loose* upon society. Besides, the refinement of this day is so little exceptious, that if a good pin-money annuity, or alimony, remains for the poor lady, after being taken up in unguarded moments, she is graciously received again into good company, in hopes that *their* virtuous example may wean her from those frailties which come under the vocabulary of *faux pas*. To say the truth, my Lady Shuffle is not only a very agreeable woman, but her very reputation is now as high as the first lady's in the land ; for every part of the syntax was construed ; that is, every thing was conducted according to law : first, she broke the law of God and man, by making her slip ; secondly, my Lord Windermere, her husband, got ten thousand pounds damages for the said slip ; thirdly, he got divorced ; fourthly, my

Lord Shuffle, who is one of the fancy, and therefore not very nice, had a set-to with the disposable wife, and floored her, that is, made her Lady Shuffle; and thus the business begins again, *de novo*, like other litigations of law; or to speak diplomatically, Lady Shuffle's character was in *statu quo, ante bellum*.

Lady Shuffle's carriage, therefore, stopt the way as usual, her cards went round as usual, and her routs were attended as usual.

There are some fastidious readers who will exclaim, "Is it possible?" Why, good sirs! should *you* ask that question, when I have stated the facts. But we return to our dinner-party, first adding, that Lady Shuffle's character is replaced upon its original pedestal, and that Mr. Manners, of all men, could not be the first most ungallantly to cut that gordian knot by which society (visiting) is so sweetly linked together. Besides, he was in India when the nine days

wonder went off! and the introduction of any party by respectable acquaintance was all he looked to.

Next to the Honourable Mrs. Faconberg, sat Mr. Edge, the celebrated actor, not only famed for his histrionic talents, but for his classical attainments.

On the actor's right, was the lovely and accomplished Miss Emily Melville, whose innocence and gaiety charmed every company to which she was introduced. This young lady was in that order of society, that it was rather a questionable matter as to the propriety of introducing in this work, or at least into this company. She, alas, was but a Governess! born of a good family, well and virtuously brought up, after a most expensive education,—the delight and glory of her father and mother, once rich and respectable, but, like Darius's family, fallen from their high estate by too severe a fate, and suddenly reduced by misfortunes. Yes, there were many

little Melvilles too; and the buzzing summer flies of prosperity that fluttered round the hospitable board of Mr. M., admiring so his children then, all flew away, and were never heard of more. What was to be done? This virtuous, noble-minded girl, volunteered the first sacrifice to the independent mode of life she had been accustomed to, and became a Governess in a family which possessed nothing but—riches; even good manners were too scarce for one viewed in a dependant light; little petty mortifications were spun out, to gratify the spleen of those whose souls were as useless as the gold they possessed, if not properly directed. The reverse of fate *thus* exhibited, was to her acute feeling more than she anticipated. In vain did she brook the insolence of the mother of her pupils, by an appeal which could not even be understood; flushed up with the pride of having dependants at her control (though she had herself been exalted

from the kitchen), she displayed that tyranny which, alas! the author is sorry to say, disgraces even her betters, who do know good behaviour ; but the vanity of self must break out some how in all !

Miss Melville was *now*, however, in the neighbourhood with a lady who could conduct herself as such. Mrs. Clifford did not break the bruised reed ; oh, no ! she introduced her to the Honourable Mrs. Fauconberg, who thought it no disparagement to patronize a virtuous, beautiful, and accomplished girl, though a governess ! and introduced her to Mr. Manners accordingly.

On the right of Miss Melville was placed Mr. Murray, the barrister. This clever young man was rising very fast in his profession ; and there we leave him, until a further opportunity presents of introducing him.

Lady Shuffle was supported on her left by Mr. Caustic, a critic of the ultra



class. He was supposed to be the principal founder of a Review, which, appearing like the season, partakes only of the asperities of one quarter, which Francis Moore, that ingenious star-gazer, designates by nipping weather now about,—sleet or hail,—smart frosts, which nip in the bud the opening blossoms, which might, if allowed to ripen, shew fruit and flowers of the fairest complexion. It is, however, odd that a *southern* gale should breathe so pestilential a sirocco, but such it does ; and from the cave of the winds where Mr. Caustic performs the part of Boreas, and his brother writers, Eolus and the rest, comes forth such blasts, that the tempests at war with the tossed Ulysses bear no comparison to them, for they shake, indeed, the very regions of Parnassus with their *legitimate* airs. Mr. Caustic is a smart little man, and very good company, for he keeps the best ; but woe be unto the wight who offends his high

mightiness, for his pen and tongue are both on the *qui vive*; prose or poetry, law or gospel, are all alike to the reviewer. Mr. Caustic, early in life, was but a lawyer's clerk; yet by the most unblushing and steady worshipping of the sun of prosperity, which, in modern Utopias, shines only upon those inhabitants who will adore him, he chose that wise part which, in the end, placed him (in the scorner's chair it is true, but) where, in point of opulence, he could not but be himself surprised at his elevation. Mr. Caustic was never impolite to a lady, except once; but he thought his zeal might be rewarded for it; and consequently he, though a short man, went such lengths as are supposed did then operate to his advancement, and probably will still further. By the test of his own individual experience, he tries the world and all that is in it; and though he comes hobbling off in many of his lucubrations, up jumps the

little critic again, and flourishes his tomahawk, scalping away, without at all recollecting the mercy he has just received himself. But we must here, for a short period, part with the honourable gentleman.

On the right of Counsellor Murray sat a lady, who, by her affectation, appeared to think this nether world not sufficiently good enough for her. Her name, Copeland; she was the widow of a general officer; and her squeamishness had worked and operated to such a degree, even upon the cartilaginous part of her countenance, that her nose, being so often turned up, by degrees rose aloft in the air, as if seeking another region; nor need this hypothesis be deemed exaggeration, for if the tails of mankind and woman kind, which Lord Monboddo affirmed they originally had, became extinct by repeated docking, why then should not a nose become curved, or point like the weather-mark to a par-

ticular quarter, if so excited by powerful causes? From this individual, however, such was the emanating effect, that a sensitive by-stander would himself feel a nausea, if he happened to see Mrs. Copeland looking at any particular dish upon the table—though ever so innocently; he would, if good manners did not withhold him, smell at it; that is, if he had set his heart upon the favourite paté, but if not, he passed it. Mrs. Copeland, with a very handsome income, and without the incumbrance of children, lived a very miserable life. Her disgusts were eternal; every thing failed; monkeys succeeded parrots, and parrots monkeys; she abhorred beggars, their dirt and rags turned her stomach, and most particularly when they had any children; hackney coaches she detested, yet made use of them, not having a carriage. In short, we shall now leave Mrs. Copeland, turning about in her plate what a very good cook and Mr.

Manners had provided for his guests ; for her delicacy was so remarkable, that she knew the exact colour every bit of roast or boiled should be,—aye, down to the wing of a pheasant, partridge, pigeon, or lark !

The critical and fortunate Mr. Caustic had, as may be remembered, Lady Shuffle on his right ; and he also had the honour to shew half of his attentions to his left partner, Lady Louisa Caloric, who was, as it is termed, of a good family ; she was now about thirty-five, exceedingly animated, yet at times exceedingly languishing ; her tongue had only one misfortune,—that of the perpetual motion ; for having read hard, experimented chemically hard, lectured hard (*privately*), and travelled hard upon the Continent, she was most decidedly *par excellence*, the blue-stocking queen of these realms. The immense variety of her pursuits would have driven any other mortal mad ; but whether the ma-

jority of these ended as they began, superficially, the reader will be able to determine a little further on. She had the indexes, contents, and summaries of all books at her tongue's end; would tell you the best writers on all subjects; had published a work on astronomy, and a leading novel; got one article inserted in the Encyclopædia; contributed to the antiquarian researches of the Gentleman's Magazine, and even paid for the engravings of three or four tumble-down churches in obscure villages, to decorate that work; wrote poetry, which was published by a tip-top bookseller, with his plain Quakerish way of John Nokes at the bottom of the title, but which, however, gave it *eclat* in the West, where any thing goes down of the sort; and at last actually put up as a member of the Dilletanti Society, because she possessed several Tom Thumb bronzes, and had been in Greece. The society, with their peculiar gravity, but great want of

suavity, declined having a second Princess Dashkoff to preside over their transactions ; *or*, it might have arisen because of the nudity and grotesqueness of some of the statues, which might make the lady blush ; *or*, they might perhaps have known that she had, or was in possession of the longitude—of tongue ; by virtue of which she might engross all the virtù to be found in the society. Lady Caloric, however, though not a member, was made HONORARY ! and that was something. Still urging her pegascan flight, she five years since went upon the Continent, where every thing curious and *warranted* antique she purchased, and despatched to *her* museum in London. She bought, she dug, she stole,—(the reader will excuse my plain way of telling facts),—for when people of positive virtù want a cameo, a skull, or a lacrymatory, and cannot buy it, they will *get* it somehow, of which I could produce numerous instances. My lady had been very

successful in the plains of Attica, as to joints, arms, legs, noses, great toes, of undoubted originals, which my Lord Elgin had left behind ; in fact, such was her eagerness for a collection, she wept heartily because she could not send one of the pyramids home, and only consoled herself at last by recollecting that Archimedes himself could not have helped her in this instance, for want of a lever and fulcrum. She then fell in love with the Romaic language, and attacked the impurity of the original Greek tongue. She then attempted to fossilize an Alligator and a cedar tree, by getting them immersed in a petrifying spring ; at length she acceded to the request of her friends, who were alarmed at the enormous expenses they had to pay for freight and custom-house duties, and was returning home through Italy and France, but, in the former place, she unluckily fell in love, when at Rome, with St. Peter's, and would have had that cathedral im-



ported too, if possible. In Rome, another slip of ill luck attended her : she became so statue-mad, that her friends feared, in a short period, they should see her statutably mad ; and in consequence of her immense purchases there, and her bills on London being purposely dishonoured, she got arrested, and underwent some fright on the occasion ; but payment was at the same time ordered, so that to this event alone was Mr. Manners indebted for her company at Gogmagog Hall ; the bill being of large amount, was negotiated through him, as he had connections all over the world. My Lady Caloric had other qualifications, perhaps eccentricities, which shall be duly displayed after dinner.

Next to Mrs. Copeland, by the merest accident of life, was the celebrated, eccentric, and literary Lord Gondola. Why Mr. Manners should have placed him *en attendance* upon that lady, is mystery upon mystery ; unless we were informed

that that Lord's disgust at every one, and every thing, might make this adaptation congenial to his Lordship's wishes; yet, what could Mr. Manners do?—he could not place that Lord next to “the Governess,” for such he hates; and if opposite to her, then ten times worse, by the association of thought; nor next to Mr. Fentum, the freethinker, for he can bear no rival near the throne; nor near the gentle Miss Gaskin, for she wanted originality; but, he *was* opposite Lady Caloric, and beside Mrs. Copeland; and then there might be room for fancy to range, and materials extractable from the two, for a future poetical heroine. My Lord Gondola had lately returned from Italy, where in the morning he read Cicero, and in the evening performed the Cicerone to some lady of *belle figure*; yet, even when thus employed, the gratification of dangling at the chair of some Venetian goddess must have felt very short in acute pleasure, because it was

so *easy* to be had ; and this Lord despises the love that falls into his arms, and even the woman too, whether the pursuit has been keen or not ; for, where there are no jealous husbands to be found, but wives as well as their help-mates hold a community of interest in violating the marriage vow, then to be the Cortejo of Venetian beauty, being of no more difficult operation than rowing to the operas,—alas ! all the gusto evaporates into thin air, *and* there is consequently no true felicity here below !—nothing is constant, but in constant change ; and this may account for Lord Gondola's visit to Mr. Manners. He had, besides, one other object in view—he suspected the Pindarees and Mahrattas (as well as a set of merchants who deal with, but control them), to be mostly a set of rascals, only under other names ; and he was most eager to gain materials of the deeper villainy of men, those corsairs, robbers, or bandits, in pursuit of their

selfish views; he knew Mr. Manners was acquainted with the side scenes, and he determined to glean from the volume of his experience, some additions to his large knowledge of the lot of human misery, which his Lordship has dealt out from time to time, and will probably continue to open and shut like Pandora's box, for the benefit of mankind. My Lord was, however, tolerably happy that day; and as he too is not dismissed in this glimpse through the gloom, we shall proceed to finish with the catalogue of the company.

Then opposite my Lord, sat a young author, of good education and considerable genius, but unfortunately possessing a large and encumbering sense of modesty and diffidence, yet with great independence of mind, and who had been lately put to the torture, by a merciless review of his first production, which Mr. Caustic was more than suspected of having inflicted. Mr. Sewell was the name

of this person, whose prospects in life had been suddenly blighted by the loss of an affectionate uncle, who had died without a will. Well brought up, too proud to stoop, he boldly tried his pen ; but, alas ! he was unsuccessful ; his misfortunes will come under the reader's review, and he will judge impartially whether literature meets with fair play in these days of party and prejudice, when he who dares to swim against the stream, is certainly doomed to be destroyed by the successful flood, which flows all one way, and never ebbs. Mr. Sewell had formerly been under the tuition of Dr. Godfrey ; and that gentleman had kindly introduced him to Mr. Manners, as the most studious and best tempered boy he had at the public school to which he was then a tutor.

The company was on that day numerous ; and one place was filled up by a Moravian Missionary, not only well known by Mr. Manners, but intimate

with him. His travels and adventures, if published in the modern amplified manner, would extend to about twenty volumes, in quarto ; for he had seen the most remote parts of the world, visited countries hitherto unexplored by an European foot, and made every community, in some degree, benefited by his suggestions and improvements ; for if he could not wean them from idolatry, he weaned them from their original savagism. Mr. Latrobe, of German extraction, had been for forty years engaged in these wanderings ; and, during the early period of his missionary life, studied very hard to acquire the various languages he should be under the necessity of speaking ; he succeeded, and was now the principal modern linguist. Mr. Latrobe read books, however, but never *made* them ; for his conscious regard for truth was so great (as he repeated to me one day), that, “ Really, Sir ! were I to publish my facts, and a junto of stay-at-home critics

were to call them falsehoods, I should be tempted to do as Dr. Johnson did when Mr. Foote was about to ridicule him,—go to the arena with a bludgeon, and thrash the scoundrel!—but as I do not mean to lose my complacency of temper, and I do mean to persist in the career that Providence seems to have ordained for me, I am quite content, without shining in quarto!”

Mr. Ephraim Capper was invited and entertained that day by Mr. Manners. He was of the sect called Quakers, had a fine seat in the neighbouring valley, and will be forthcoming when called upon, either for the author’s fancy or for the purposes of benevolence, as the poor in the neighbourhood all attest. The Quaker found my Lord Gondola, (who sat next to him) most excellent company, but disapproved of his tenets. My Lord, however, became to the Quaker very explanatory, and very philosophical. —“Do thy sentiments make thee happy,

friend Gondola?"—"Why, no!" sighing: "I am never happy!"—"Then, friend Gondola! I would advise thee, if thou art not happy with all thy fine ideas, to exchange them for a new set: and then, if those do not suit thee, as it is likely, for I perceive thou art very restless—try another."

But two other gentlemen must be described, whom, with Mr. Manners's friend, who did the honours of the table, completed the varied groupe. The first was a Jew, and the second a Persian. The rich Israelite, Mr. Lazarus Levy, was a merchant well known upon Change. One would suppose fortune had showered down from its cornucopia, all its contents upon Lazarus, such success had attended all his speculations. Mr. Levy had but one failing, which the consciousness of his wealth and credit, perhaps, sent uppermost; for, upon all occasions, he would exclaim, "My vord ish good upon



Shange for an hundred tousand ; so you may believe vat I shay,"—although, at the same time, he was dabbling in a discussion far above his capacity. Yet Levy had, from crying oranges in the afternoon, and sealing-vax in the morning, the address to make a princely fortune—whether it was done by cent. per cent., post obits, or plundering the Egyptians, (Greeks perhaps), history has not informed us ; but the contiguous neighbourhood has, however, averred that he was at all times very kind and charitable to the poor, promoted industry, quoting his own example how a man may pick up the needful, and never once failed to tell, that “ he vonsh cried oranshes and lemons.”

The Persian alluded to, was a gentleman Mr. Manners had known in India, and had become so attached to him, that he resolved, after a succession of great mortality among his family, to expatriate himself, and reside with Mr. Manners,

his old friend and companion at the Court of \*\*\*\*\*.

The dinner-table was closed by a very elegant young man, about three-and-twenty years of age, who faced Mr. Manners, and did the honours of "the lower house." Though introduced as Mr. Ferrers, and distantly related to Mr. Manners, there was a mystery as to his "birth, parentage, and education;" which was still likely to remain so to all the company, for Mr. Manners was the depository of his own secrets. In his person, he was tall, well-shaped, dark complexioned; his manners were most refined, his disposition gentle, and his general demeanor engaging. Protected, patronized, or living with Mr. Manners, he was set down by the visitors at the Hall as his presumptive heir; but none presumed, but the ladies, to talk of these matters—for they are licensed; but! alas even their curiosity was only answered

by a laugh from Mr. Manners, and their inquisitiveness remained ungratified ;—hard task ! which the fair *must* sometimes endure ; a privation more deeply felt, indeed, than many mighty things of far higher import.

## CHAPTER IV.

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“ Our poesy is as a gum which oozes  
 From whence 'tis nourish'd ; the fire i'the flint  
 Shews not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame  
 Provokes itself, and like the current, flies  
 Each bound it chases.” *Timon of Athens.*

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THE reader, it is hoped, will not feel the smallest surprise at this odd assemblage of characters at the Hall ; a dinner party in high life, in modern days, is often ten times more grotesque. Here, the highest legal character in the realm, at the same table with a black-leg lord, who would not be credited with the amount of a pound of candles—here a peer of title and wealth, his brows not, indeed, covered with laurels, but decorated with antlers, which he not only

complacently but conspicuously wears, and there his elegant rib undivorced—and still living with her Lord upon fashionable terms!—here the household chaplain, and there a jockey!—on the right, the statesman; on the left, the undone gamester!—and so on, to the end of the chapter; but very rarely, indeed, is modest, unobtrusive merit brought under the wing of patronage, which but too often shelters, in all the warmth of prosperity, the base and the venal. Such, however, is not the repast of middle life; envy and intrigue are unwelcome guests; and the feast of reason, and the flow of soul without alloy, may there be found, the ceremony and formality of the higher class being there dispensed with; and although we cannot rank Mr. Manners so low down as what is called middle life, for he was richer than half a dozen most nobles, yet, at his table, and in his house, reigned that urbanity which realised the too often insincere expression—“at home,”

and made his guests to feel in truth they were so ;—it was Liberty, as well as Gogmagog Hall.

Whatever wit may sparkle after the cloth is removed, very little of it is elicited during an Englishman's dinner ; and it is freely imagined that it would be difficult to extract even from the shining and loyal Mr. Fitzgerald himself, aught during such a serious occupation :

For when a turtle's in the case,  
Why then all other things give place.

The clatter of knives and forks, the shuffling of servants, the gingling of glasses, with here and there a—" My Lady Shuffle, shall I have the honour to take wine with you ?"—or, " Miss Gaskin, shall I hand you some of this calf's head and brains ?"—or, " Mr. Caustic, you are a fine carver ; you cut and shave to admiration !"—or to Mr. Levy, who is a perfect dandy in dress,

“ Will you allow me to send you some maccaroni ? ”—or to Counsellor Murray, “ What say you, sir, to a snipe? a charming bird—famous for its long *bill!* ”—and some such customary petty witticisms played off. But when the table is cleared, and the very nut-crackers themselves are at rest,—it is then that all the wit and genius of each guest begins to expand; and at the music of each additional drawn cork, all the latent powers, like an army of reserve, are brought forth to renew the combat; each feels himself a host, and fills up the part which education or genius dictates; and then conversation assumes its most pleasing form, the imagination runs over the most important topics of discussion, and each selects that in which he will most probably eclipse his neighbour. Mr. Manners was all ears, eyes and attention to his company; *he* carefully avoided engrossing that wherein his guests should shine. But I have known and heard

some fox-hunters, who headed their table, *so* talk, and on *such* subjects as would put the seventy-two architects of Babel themselves to utter astonishment, even after the confusion of tongues was by them so sensibly felt. But the greatest attention which Mr. Manners paid to his guests, comprehended those who were the weakest, and least protected by the accidental advantages of birth and fortune ; consequently Miss Melville, the young, modest, and accomplished “Governess,” received considerable encouragement from her worthy host. Most of the party then dining, felt themselves, by that easy assurance obtainable only among the well bred, to be really at home, excepting Mr. Sewell, the young author lately suffering under the lash of unmerited criticism, and in the company too of the executioner who inflicted, or was supposed to have laid on those stripes which are the last in healing ; *he*, indeed, was not much at ease. Mr. Latrobe,



his neighbour, had rallied him upon his absence of mind and apparent despondency, when Mr. Sewell gave him his confidence thus,—“ My dear sir! you may well wonder, when under the roof of our host, any one should be *ennuyé*; but my chagrin and disappointment, at the very onset of my life, pursue me every where, like the evil spirits in the Inferno of Dante, nor give me a momentary suspense. Behold Mr. Caustic! how placid and easy he finds himself. Resolve me, how can this be, my most respected friend! that there are hearts who do voluntarily inflict anguish on others, but yet ingeniously contrive to get themselves indurated into adamant, laughing at the world and all that are in it,—preying on man!”—“ My young friend! I can account for your depression, when caused by the failure of a first attempt; but you must call in the aid of philosophy and self possession, taking the world into view as it is. It is

the lot of youth not to see it in its real deformity ; perhaps wisely so ordained. A generous, noble, and ardent mind, can scarcely be brought to believe that selfishness is the idol mankind worship ; and the voice of experience, that tells this damning truth openly and candidly to the young aspirant, buoyed up with the floating and gilded visions of felicity, is considered as the anathematist, the libeller, and the cynic. The first lesson I should give you, Mr. Sewell, would be, to see things as they really are, not as you would wish them to be, or as they ought to be ; then, the self-deceptions of youth would vanish, the glowing colours that pleasure is surrounded by, would disappear like the mists of the morning, when the sun of truth arises ; the rainbow hues that decorate all not within your grasp, would not end in such disappointment — *when* achieved !

“ But this is sermonizing ;—behold my

Lord Gondola opposite ; his theory is well conceived enough as to truth, but his practice is not accordant with his theory. He has mind, genius, and learning, he has also fortune and title,—his personal attractions have brought, even to his feet, some of that sex who *should* have been adored for their virtues, but, alas ! having no virtue in their composition, have degraded themselves and their sex, and even run after him, and have therefore made themselves laughing stocks to the world, and even to him : with all these negative, positive, and fancied superioritiés, (for it is very flattering to the heart of man to have women run after him,) Lord Gondola is unhappy ; he appreciates the world justly, but there he stops, for he still mixes in the company he despises, and pursues the precise system a man of the world and a sensualist, (in the refined sense of the word,) would pursue, notwithstanding his theory *and* even his experience. With such an

instance then before you, Mr. Sewell, when literary fame itself cannot swell his soul into the rapture of gratitude to God for all his good gifts, or calm him into that sweet composure, which any one but a fool and a sceptic may discern, that this world of itself cannot give, I hope you will, my young friend, in your career, now commencing in this probationary scene, look to religion !—and let not the infidel madness of a comparatively few individuals, under the false name of philosophers, lead you astray, for *I* can trace my lord's misery to nothing else, and I have studied him deeply ; for *if there is* pleasure in a life wherein the gratification of every orderly and even disorderly appetite is obtained, through the medium of wealth, connexion, genius, and learning, then why *is* he not happy ? I imagine him now saying,

I have tried in it's turn all that life can supply ;  
 I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;  
 I have lov'd, who has not ? but what heart can declare  
 That pleasure existed—while passion was there ?

Observe him now, Mr. Sewell! looking as anguished as if on the rack! (my Lord Gondola was in agitated conversation with the calm Ephraim Capper.)

Here their half private communication was interrupted by a toast to the health of a Mr. Sowerby, who had arrived too late for dinner, but had refreshed himself in another room, and now joined the company.

We shall now cross over, just in the easy way members do in the chapel of St. Stephen's, and for the same reason—because it suits the convenience of each party. My Lord Gondola had that day an enjoyment which, alas! but seldom visited him; he was seated next to a Friend, or in other words a Quaker: my lord “never had a friend!” except a four-footed one in the shape of a Newfoundland Dog, whose surname was Boat-swain; not being a christian, his name was single. It is not impossible that the noble owner of his *friend*, whom he pro-

bably *purchased* for ten guineas, the average price of such a dog, (as well as of the eloquence of a counsellor, learned in the law, to attack or defend, which ever comes first,) we say his lordship might have believed in the transmigration of souls, and that the spirit of Hobbes, or of Bolingbroke, or even of Diogenes the Cynic, might be wrapt up within the shag of Boatswain; and the hypothesis is still further confirmed to us, as as they all three were especial good barkers; on the other hand, Boatswain might have claimed descent from the Peripatetics, who only spoke once in seven years: Boatswain departed this life at four, and therefore did not wait for the septennial deliverance of his tongue; and yet, he could, on consideration, be no Stoic, for he would fetch and carry, and few friends at the low price of 10*l.* 10*s.* each would do that, but—pay them accordingly, and they will, no doubt, do any thing. It appears friend Ephraim

Capper engrossed the peculiar attention of Lord Gondola ; his lordship was too well bred, however, to make him a butt, or to quiz even a Quaker—in prose, but he did expect that in the course of conversation some scintillations from Ephraim's outward man, emanating from the inward; would at any rate please by its deviation from the dull uniformity of usual life. Voltaire and other philosophers have particularly noticed this primitive sect, but with no further effect than our Highlanders were beheld at Paris by the ladies when the Allies took possession of it. Still there was nothing uncommon in Ephraim ; he was a plain man in person, quiet, unassuming, yet firm, and as his wealth was great, went into such company occasionally as country neighbours usually keep ; he might, by the ignorant and censorious, be denominated “ a *wet* Quaker ! ” which means a gay one, but friend Capper was a temperate as well as good-tempered man,

quite free from sectarian bigotry, which would at all times disunite friend and friend, and dissolve, by its corroding rust, the sweetest links of society. “ Mr. Capper! I should be happy to take wine with you,” said Lord Gondola. “ With much pleasure, friend Gondola! thou wilt excuse my way of address, for our discipline doth not allow me to acknowledge thy title.” “ With all my heart, Mr. Capper! Call me what you will. What wine do you take? I stick to claret, as you perceive.” “ But why so, friend Gondola? I see thou art dull and melancholy; and those thin, cold wines, which thy exotic friends, I do suppose, taught thee to drink, thou shouldst forsake; but perhaps I am accusing the wine for the fault of thine own spirit; thou sighest over the good things of this life, instead of thanking bountiful Providence for providing thee with them!”

“ Ah! no, good friend; nature is my



deity ; I adore her dispensations ; she is the great first cause, and man has perverted all her beneficence. Bigotry and mental slavery have clouded the atmosphere of the mind, and we are all grovelling in darkness. Love has degenerated into lust—generosity into selfishness—patriotism into a name—the governors are tyrants, and the people slaves ; honour and honesty exist no longer, and universal deceit sits enthroned in every man's bosom. What sympathy can I expect for feelings too excruciating for the vulgar even to conceive, or, alas ! for me to endure much longer—life !—The burthen of existence, how insupportable !”

“ Stop, stop, friend Gondola ! Did I not know thee (thou wilt excuse me), I should think thou hadst been bitten by one of the inhabitants of that large dwelling in St. George's Fields. Who, friend, hath told thee all this ?—And art thou so miserable in reality ? for verily I see no

cause for it ; and if *so* without one, what would be thy end if poverty and disease were to assail thee?—Ah, friend ! I do not think thy system, with all thy fine learning, is a good one, for it will not even make thee chearful and contented ; thou hast done all thee could to forge, and then to plunge in thy own breast the arrow of remorse, for passion and caprice alone have swayed thee. Thou hast more wealth than I have, if that would make towards happiness ; thou hast a large portion of human learning, which is plainly shewn forth in thy writings, which I have read ; and much fame, which most men covet, hath awaited thee ; therefore, friend Gondola, I think thou art captious, and I like not thy creed. Where are thy domestic feelings ? though I know nothing of thy private life, but such associations do tend to smooth the wrinkled front which stern philosophy may contract ; for I know, by sweet experience, the felicity of my own home,

with the affectionate wife of my heart, my Ellen, and the dear children which God has blessed us with !”

“ Ah, Mr. Capper ! those tears that are thus involuntarily starting at the bare recollection of thy wife and children, are my envy ; and every drop that falls, I feel by sympathy, scalding my own vitals ; I cannot weep—the softness of such emotions are strangers to this breast ; and though I despise thy weakness, yet willingly would I share it. Know then, Mr. Capper, the insatiable love of eccentricity has been my bane ; my vanity is, and has been, insatiate ; it devoured, like Pharaoh’s lean kine, the flock of common sense which delight others. I would be better, more noble, more generous, than all other men ; my theory was great and glorious, but, alas ! it was only a phantom that I pursued, and pursued it too long. I copied from no one ; originality in conception and action was my rule ; I loved, but not as other men

loved ; I wrote, but like no others ; man I represented (without descending to the Christian creed, which believes in the doctrine of original sin) as a monster—but a monster of my own creating—not as he came forth from the hands of his Maker ; my very manners in private life, I also made perfectly original. I would be more than man, and became less—for the skull out of which I drank was that of my ancestor ; the fork I used at my table, was his thigh bone ; and could I have devised any thing more ingenious, outrée, or terrific, from the charnel house of the family sepulchre, such should I have adopted. Alas ! I planted in my own bosom a deadly weed, which has ramified its shoots into a crop, which can now never be eradicated. I have found all to fail in producing quiet and content within, though I have entirely succeeded in beholding a thousand fools apeing my eccentricities, and admiring effusions

which tended to chase from the breast of man the hope of happiness for ever."

"Why, friend Gondola! thy story is not unknown to me; but the achievement of desireable points is not the work of an hour, nor of fancy. Wilt thou dine with me, plain Ephraim Capper, to morrow?—thou shalt see there, down in the valley," pointing to the eastern window, "a goodly heritage, with which I am content; and thou shalt see also peace and tranquillity, and order dwelling therein; for verily thy mode of life, or way of thinking, moves me much to display to thee the reverse of it, and to talk with thee upon the vanity of all earthly things, in——" Lord Gondola interrupted him.

"Yes, there we agree; it is this vanity which torments me; the surfeit of enjoyment——"

"Aye! but, friend Gondola! thou interruptest me,—in comparison to that

eternal state of reward, which should never be forgotten while here in this probationary scene. ' This is what I was about to add ; for, friend Gondola ! thou wilt find, after all, the consolations of religion are the only ones that can cheer thee in prosperity, as well as in adversity ; for the first is by far the hardest to bear—with propriety ; which, it seems, thou findest——”

Here his Lordship and the benevolent Quaker were interrupted by an appeal made to Lord Gondola, on the part of Lady Louisa Caloric, who, in the most interesting and dilletanti style of virtû, begged his opinion on a coin she had brought in her ridicule, and which had already been handed about the table. To say the truth, this lady's ridicule was a weighty matter, and rattled at all times like a school-boy's coat-pocket, filled with dumps and marbles ; for she had cameos, gems, coins, and even bronzes, always with her, and “ could discourse

most eloquent music" thereon ; which, however, generally annoyed the females in the company, for many of her curiosities were highly exceptionable, but which the gentlemen never discouraged, for, of all things, they delight in hearing (perhaps quizzing) a female holding forth on *virtù*. The question was on the antiquity of a coin, which, at the time it was struck, might not have violated any of the rules of decency, but now exhibited, owing to the restraining refinement of modern days, a something most objectionable. My lord avowed himself no medalist, but would look upon the defaced inscription ; which he did, and made out to the satisfaction of the lady, without further comment. By and by came forth another, and another, from small to great, up to the rare bronzes, until some of the ladies, who had begun to feel uneasy upon their seats, rose to retire ; but they consisted only of Mrs. Fauconberg, Miss Melville, Mrs. Cope-

land, and Miss Gaskin. The Ladies Shuffle and Caloric were for a moment disconcerted at the interruption caused by their retreat, yet remained and pursued the antiquarian research; without external or mental reservation, until the *green* velvet bag of most wonderful wonders, like others of equal mystery, had been exhausted; they then left the gentlemen, and joined their own sex. Mr. Manners, with his usual amenity, caused the streams of conversation to flow into the ocean of improvement and edification; which truly is no difficult matter, *if* a mere wine-drinker is not placed at the head of the table, and whose soul-tickling ambition is to set his guests under it, for such *he* conceives to be the *ne plus ultra* of hospitality, rivalling, in truth, the barbarism of the border chieftains of antiquity. At his table, every gentleman acted *ad libitum*; that is, they might with impunity commit that heinous offence against conviviality, of pass-



ing the bottle without partaking of it. Mr. Sowerby, who, it may recollected, arrived late, began to enquire into the life, character, and behaviour of the females who had just quitted the room ; and he, with more honesty than good manners, had something to say against most of them. “ Why, my good friend,” said Mr. Manners, “ what can you possibly object to in Miss Melville—innocent, amiable, and accomplished ? ” — “ Psha ! do not tell me of her qualities and qualifications, they are the very things that will betray her to some rich and villainous seducer, if she does not undergo a succession of tortures beforehand, in her capacity of teacher, from the tyrants of her own sex, who can bear no rivals. I knew her father ; what business had he to bring her up so, and—now left a prey to bitter scorn on the one hand, and masked villainy on the other ? It is quite evil enough to have the misfortune of good looks, without playing the harp,

piano-forte, and lisping in French and Italian."

"Gently, my dear sir!" said Mr. Fauconberg: "the misfortunes of the family alone has sent her into the wide world, and that family retain their good name even now. Besides, she is decorous, modest, and, I am glad to observe, proud; and the last quality will yield her protection against the arts you allude to."

"Misfortunes of the parents,—good character,—modest,—proud," remarked Mr. Sowerby, "are all realities which will the more expose her to the tyranny of the first, the contempt of a second, and the sneering pity of a third, and so on, until she passes an ordeal worse than that of the retreat of the Greeks under Xenophon; and if she arrives safe through the wilderness, it is because God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, not to the mercy of her protectors. Better to be a Grace Gaskin, whom I have

met *every where*, and no one covets, than a lovely young creature without property or protector."

"But," replied Mr. Fauconberg, "you mistake; she *is* under the roof of Mrs. Clifford, a feeling and honourable mother of children, who knows her value, and cherishes her virtues. She is also happy, if we may judge by the evidence of looks."

"Mr. Sowerby," observed Dr. Godfrey, apart to Mr. Fauconberg, "has a very odd way of expressing himself, but he is well known to me; for after I have often enquired, 'can any good come out of this Galilean?' some dark and mysterious *trait* of his benevolence has, after a time, displayed itself, never meant for mine or any other eye."

Mr. Fentum, the philosopher, had, in the mean time, made Mr. Sowerby acquainted with the characters of Lady Shuffle and Lady Caloric. "The first ought to be whipped at a cart's tail,"

drily observed Mr. Sowerby, “ and the second confined to her own museum, where she might exhibit herself as a walking mummy. What, in the name of wonder, shall we have next from the *fair* sex?—instead of darning their father’s and mother’s stockings at home, (or husband’s, if any would venture upon such), rantipoling out of their element into those regions where none but male students in the philosophical sciences should be allowed to intrude,—I mean the Institution ; then I have seen the dear, interesting, deceitful, sly hussies, at the British Museum, full dressed, with their pallets and pencils copying ; and I have almost fancied that their own attitudes were more studied than the marble figures before them. Heaven shield this country from a race of female philosophers, artists, and scientific blue stockings !”

“ What ! Mr. Sowerby,” said Mr. Fentum, “ would you exclude the dear sex from our company, in the grand

march of knowledge just begun ? Capacity is unconfined to sex or nation ; who knows but a female Newton, a Bacon, or a Hobbes, may not yet spring up, to electrify the world ?”

“ Yes,” observed Mr. Sowerby, “ they have already, in the mushroom way, sprung up with a vengeance, particularly in that hot-bed—FRANCE; and the spawn has infected our females, not only in the dress of the exterior, but of their interior too ; their minds are equally, or will be soon, polluted with the easy, free way which those ingenious foreigners have of superseding the restraints of all that bind society together, whether as to religion or chastity.”

“ Certainly, replied Mr. Fentum, “ morals should be the *salus populi* ; but the philosophical speculations now adopted, and inserted in *our* Travels and Novels, *a la mode de France*, are quite congenial to my own way of thinking and writing. Instead of being blindly

devoted to the bigotry which is enjoined by the state, it is the duty of every one to adopt and to write in favour of a more chearful and sprightly philosophy, instead of groaning and sighing in, as you would name it, this vale of tears; which, I maintain, is the best of all possible worlds!"

"But suppose there should be another!" said Mr. Sowerby: "what becomes of your philosophy then, which is not so pure as that of Christianity, of Moses, or even of the Grecian or Roman lawgivers?—will not Pluto, Minos, and even Rhadamanthus, shake their heads at you? But enough of this, for argument here is out of place. Sir! I take it that the state religion, which you sneer at, is the purest code for mortals I know of, or perhaps that you may know of also. It has only this inconvenience to the modern philosophers—that the restraints it enjoins from the commission of guilty pleasure, are more than

commensurate to their wishes. In fact, your philosophy is but a false fire, which will not light you, upon your death-bed, to what I will even call, your own elysium !”

Mr. Manners here interrupted Mr. Sowerby, abruptly asking his opinion of some new works, which had that moment arrived by the coach ; and which question may be naturally conceived as leading to and producing a general conversation, rather than the particular one just alluded to, which mostly turns out offensive to one party or another ; for debaters too often do not reason, or make observations backward and forward, to be convinced of error, but to display their reading and talent.

## CHAPTER V.

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Take the instant way ;  
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path :  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons  
 That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost ;  
 For Time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;  
 And with his arms out-stretched, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,  
 And Farewell goes out sighing.

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It appears, that Mr. Caustic became particularly nettled at a satire individually levelled at himself, and vowed vengeance ; alas ! he quite forgot that the personalities he had indulged in rendered this attack, not only legitimate, but just. “ An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.”



He appealed to the Honourable Mr. Fauconberg, "if anonymous satire was not the most indefensible weapon that could be wielded? he compared the satirist to an assassin stabbing in the dark!" Mr. Fauconberg replied, "that he thought no such thing was the fact; the fault, if any, was in the age that encouraged it at all, and would read nothing else; if satire was true and genuine, it *should* make the delinquent feel, but if groundless, there was not even magnanimity in passing over the effusions of a scribbler! But whilst by the vague and indiscreet avowal of truth being a libel, (sad that the greatest men should sometimes say the most foolish things!) as well as falsehood, the land must inevitably be deluged with it, in a free country and with a free press. • Pray, Mr. Cautic, let me ask what now *are* our reviews? they are anonymous, and instead of the critiques, so called, being strictly so, are not they the vehicles for all the rancour

of party and personal resentment? complain then no more, sir! of the license which, I perceive, this anonymous author has indulged himself in at your expense, but rather let it die, not keep it long-lived by reply upon reply."

Mr. Sewell remarked, "that he was greatly surprised that a literary gentleman, and such a multifarious writer as Mr. Caustic, should feel any lash, however laid on, since he had deliberately thrown down the gauntlet by sundry threats of defiance. While I deprecate personalities," continued he, "perhaps they may be sometimes unavoidable, at least all experience proves so in the House, at the bar, every where excepting the pulpit. But, in the satire before us, the author has been gentle and sparing, if I may so judge by the provocation received, and the learned gentleman needed not to have so very sensitively put on the cap!"

Mr. Caustic eyed Mr. Sewell, and with a sneer, enquired if he had ever

wrote? “ I have, sir! but unsuccessfully ; the error I committed was this, I wrote upon the *wrong side*, I shall some day repeat that error, notwithstanding the administration of some pseudo critics, whose divan is a Pandemonium, from which issue fire and brimstone to all the opposers of their system. The small work I put forth advocated the rights of the many over the few, it breathed an air of liberty which I was aware was offensive to those who inhale the tainted atmosphere of corruption, and I did not reckon ~~it~~ it would be acceptable in the quarter where it was reviewed, but I had a right to expect my argument combatted by argument, and to be treated like a gentleman !”

“ Young man !” replied Mr. Caustic, “ I feel sorry that you have advocated sentiments which will not bear you through this first disappointment ; I really hope that your next production will meet with more success, and if I can

be of the least assistance you may command me, but not if your politics accord with your first."

Mr. Sewell only answered with a side glance of silent contempt, for having been called on to take wine with Dr. Godfrey, whose design was that of interrupting him, it succeeded in closing that dialogue.

The Persian and Mr. Manners, in the mean time were in conversation, and one party with another, until they gradually withdrew to the ladies.

When the company entered the drawing room, Miss Melville was at the harp and Mr. Levy at the pianoforte, singing one of Moore's Hebrew melodies ; Lord Gondola was in raptures, for he had a soul for harmony though its strings occasionally vibrated sad discord ; Miss Melville also delighted the company with a song, which she had composed and set to music. Lord Gondola was at home in melody, as before observed, and

if any one accomplishment in woman could wean him from his chaos of mental misery, it was woman's voice when in harmonious modulation to her harp ; he was thoughtful and even attentive to Miss Melville, (instead of that lady being attentive to him, as had often been the case with others,) said some fine and extraordinary things, which she as extraordinarily passed over as mere matter of course compliments. Lady Shuffle ogled him in vain ; Lady Caloric teased him about the Elgin Marbles in vain ; Miss Grace Gaskin, however, said such polite things to him that he was frightened ; Mrs. Copeland sneered, or seemed to sneer, at every thing ; Lady Shuffle sung, the Jew danced, Miss Gaskin simpered, and had it not been for the Fauconbergs, and Miss Melville, my Lord Gondola would have expired. The Moravian Teacher, Mr. Sewell, Mr. Capper, and the Counsellor, were in the library ; Mr. Caustic and Mr. Edge were at bil-

liards ; and thus were the groupe occupied, one half of them killing time or trying to do so, the other viewing and admiring the ruling star, or luminary of the moment. At Gogmagog Hall every thing in the shape of diversion was not only proposed but encouraged, from chess down to cribbage, from billiards down to backgammon, from flying of kites down to shuttlecock and battledore, for, (and let it not surprise,) those who have had but little opportunity of knowing or reading how the dreary hours of vacuity are filled up in the palaces and halls of royalty, to learn, that worse and more trivial, aye a hundred times more ridiculous contrivances are resorted to, to fill up or kill away the hours. In regions where the absence of virtue, of thought, and of all the nobler requisites of man are too often evinced, it should not surprise that a toy like the kaleidoscope *may* be made to occupy the attention of such for whole hours. One queen counts her

diamonds, another lives in her *petits soupers*, another in hiring a set of successive favourites, who must be at least six feet high, for her boudoir, and in supporting of which said gigantic *princes*, or dukes, then so created, whole principalities are depopulated, kingdoms ravaged, and the lust of conquest also let loose, as well as her other ungodly and worldly lusts. If we turn to the occupations and amusements of kings and princes, one is hunting all his life, and boasts that but a few days out of fifty years were allotted by him as a holiday for the wild boars, wolves, foxes, &c. of his dominions; his son, another king, and equally mighty Nimrod, but in a different way—he has hunted down all the saints from their shrines, and all the mouldy relics *up* of saints and saintesses; he has set the needle of embroidery hunting over many a yard of satin, to decorate his tutelary Virgin Mary, and finally he has hunted *into* the prison of the inquisition,

or *out* of his dominions all those patriots, friends, saviours of the very country he *well belovedly* rules over with such ineffable *jure divino*! But the task is unavailing all to display the rage, tact, or propensity of our superiors in adroitly measuring out their time, keeping thus their mortal and bodily powers in full activity. Another has a passion for the foeted purity of a sepulchre, that may hold the ashes of none less than royal; for this purpose he exhumes and inhumes with equal alertness, and the royal sexton's hobby seems to have reached no further than this, that legitimate dust should not

Stop up a bung-hole, or expel the winter's flaw!

Another travels round the world, like his own messenger, full gallop; here one day, there the other. Ubiquity is his passion. In this respect, *he is* Napoleonized; but there are shades in the si-



mile; the Northern intrigues with women, reviews soldiers, and prays with Monks, all in a breath; the other only headed his troops—when he had them. The incorporation of civilized powers, however, and the increase of territory, were the aim of both, and filled up their leisure hours.

Thus it is demonstratively evident man is not a torpid animal—that his mind and body must be in action, beneficial or mischievous,—and that, if neither one nor the other, then the demon called *Ennui* instantly ascends from her inferno, attended by a regiment of imps, called blue devils; and they so assault the unemployed, and those that are quite guiltless of any thought, that their faces become as cadaverous, long, and lean, as those who dwell in the western part of London, and who, when possessed by these devils, do, as the swine did of old, leap into the sea at stated intervals,—whether at Brighton, Worthing, or Scar-

borough, no matter ; or, perhaps, according to the Brunonian system, dispel one devil by putting another in its place, viz. drinking from the mineralogical wells of Cheltenham. Oh ! what a field is the nothing-to-do-ism to dwell and range in ; more of it, however, hereafter. The Romans certainly were *up to* the evils of it, for they persuaded their wives and daughters to spin silk and wool ; though it is not likely that they earned three-pence a-day each, work as hard as they would ; yet, according to their notions, it kept them out of mischief ; so, many authors have thought that, among our own fashionable ladies, if their governors, or protectors, (such as husbands, brothers, or fathers), had made those ladies take in plain-work, it might have prevented many a piece of work, which afterwards was bruited to all the world, by the loud blast from the brazen trumpet of Doctor's Commons ; but now, instead of knitting stockings and gloves

for themselves and family, they not only most idly but most cheaply purchase them, by—smuggling them from our Continental neighbours.

“What!” methinks I hear the reader exclaim, “would you prescribe such vulgar, unnecessary occupations for ladies of quality, who are the embellishments of every sphere they move in, and roll like the planets themselves, with the greater lustre—at night?—would you have them take to the distaff and spindle, leaving their boudoirs, Little’s Poems, piano-fortes, harps, novels, routs, conversaziones, entertainments, thus putting to the torture all the degagé voluptuousness with which time is so elegantly filled up?”

If the reader does ask such a question, all we dare reply (keeping gallantry in view), is, that Mr. Manners’s creed was this, with respect to his servants,—“If they are not fully employed, they are sure to get quarrelling, or intriguing;”

and he thought this fact, which experience had taught him, would be equally applicable to their superiors, viz. their masters and mistresses. For this purpose, therefore, he was most strenuous in his endeavours with all his company, acquaintance, or friends, to keep them fully occupied ; a walk, a ride, a row upon the large pond, an any-thing to avert the stagnation of *Ennui*, for well he knew that possession, as well as being nine points out of ten of the law, is frequently nineteen points out of twenty against health and virtue ; the possession of wealth, he would frequently observe, renders seven-eighths of the rich truly miserable, for the seven-eighths of mankind, not possessing superiority of intellect, genuine refinement, utter strangers to truth, daily and willingly deceived by the outward respect paid them by the worthless, see every thing through a false medium ; they imagine it is to their actual superiority that court is paid, nor

can they *ever* be convinced, that it is only to their—gold!

Some of the company now rose to depart, as Mr. Levy and Dr. Godfrey. Mr. Capper's carriage was also called, and Lord Gondola *ciceroned* him in, promising to spend a day or two with him—if he could possibly bear the uniformity so long: “For, alas! you see what a man I am!—a refinement of the most exquisite description, and even invention, must be produced, to satisfy a composition different from all others. I cannot promise you I'll stop an hour, for being the slave of caprice, as you say, that is my only food; I doubt not, in your way, down in the valley, you are all vulgarly happy enough; but I foresee I shall be put to death, and die by inches.”

“Well, well! friend Gondola!” replied the Quaker, “let me have the honour of slaying the great Achilles; though thou knowest that I am as unlike Paris as thou art to the chief I com-

pare thee to ; for I like thee as a man of peace ; the red-coated captains, who fight for money, and what they call glory, meet not with my approbation. Friend Gondola ! thou shalt be welcome my house !—and, lo ! thou shalt not die by inches, for thou may'st leave it the next hour, and go where thou likest better. Farewell !—I shall expect thee by two.”

“ By two o'clock, to dinner !—Oh, what Vandalism is this !” exclaimed Lord Gondola, as the carriage was driving off, for it was the practice of his lordship to study all night, and lay in bed all day ; he, therefore, with the intention of calling Ephraim Capper's dinner a breakfast, departed to his room, where a fire was lighted, four tall wax candles were placed, paper, pens, and ink, were arranged, with all the paraphernalia which a faithful, silent, and eccentric foreign valet, who knew his habits, judged to be necessary.

Unfortunately, his lordship was disturbed, after he had composed twelve stanzas of an ode to Muley Abdallah, by the report of a gun going off, or some other loud explosion in the house; and, hastening to where he imagined the scene of action was, discovered a smoke coming out of Lady Louisa Caloric's bed-room, and her maid wringing her hands at the door, crying out, "the house was on fire!" My lord forced his way into the sulphureous cave (for such it had become), and there was Lady Caloric standing like a statue, with fright and consternation at the ill success of one of her chemical experiments; but, though my lord is one of the most brilliant and gallant of men to the fair, he made no enquiries, nor apologized for the semi-nudity of his own dress, but, snatching up the carpet, put out the fire, which had now reached the fringed bases of the bed, and it was most probable would, if not so checked, have soon fired the man-

sion. By this time most of the house were alarmed ; some were screaming, others in hysterics ; the gentlemen alone entered ; some philosophized, some were angry, and proposed the alarm-bell being rung, others laughed,—for the sight was really grotesque : my Lady Caloric could neither move nor speak ; she had on her night-cap it is true, but she had cashiered her neck-handkerchief, and had only a loose, short bed-gown on, and her hair, which had got unconfined, had also got singed in the unfortunate blow-up ; then my Lord Gondola, being the only one quite awake in the family, had not only got into the lady's chamber, but had put all to rights before the terrified guests came in ; and when they did arrive, really thought, at first, that the lord and lady had been experimenting together, and that the combustion was animal as well as chemical. As soon, however, as the scattered intellects of the lady could be collected into a focus which



centres, or rather, usually displays itself by the tongue, she desired her maid to shut up her little portable laboratory, and take it away, vowing she was never so deceived in her life, and that the chemists of these days were absolutely ignorant of qualities and proportions, affinities, attractions, unions, and decompositions, when they recommended experiments which end, as this had, in worse than vapour. She protested she would deal no more with Mr. Rackem; such a customer as she had been for retorts, Florence flasks, fulminating dust, solar phosphorus, &c.—for none of them seemed to answer; and so going on, to the great amusement of those who heard her.

Susan vowed, however, she never was so frightened in all her born days, or nights either, as she held one of them there things, for her mistress to make her emerald green flames of, when it went off, and that to touch her laboratory,

she would not—"that's poz, my Lady! I am sure I have undergone more frights—(sobbing)—than any poor girl ever did, in any lady's service,—I had, however, overcumd the skeleton things, and mummies, and live and dead snakes and toads, which my Lady is always fudging into her bed-room, though I am sure the museum is the best place for them, arn't it, gentlemen?—and now I am quite flustrated out of my wits, she wants me to touch them bottles and things again—and I may be explosioned myself, if they go off."

Lady Caloric, however, had now recovered herself, and begun to weep. "She who had travelled all the world over, in the pursuit of science, thus to be foiled, and deceived in the emerald green flame, which is so very, very beautiful!"

Mr. Manners, for the gentlemen had now a perfect enjoyment of the scene, advised my lady to quit experimental

chemistry, as it was so expensive to life and limb, and perhaps would be to the house itself.

Mr. Fentum thought, "that if they could raise the devil by some of the wells of fire, red flames, orange flames, blue and emerald-green flames," and so put his satanic majesty to confession, he should adore experimental chemistry; but the fact is they raise all but him, and then there is raising the devil, (or money,) to pay for experiments. Yet it is surely very natural for ladies to create other sorts of "flames," besides those that emanate from their own eyes, to light up sparks, who in these days too often want igniting. Then as to the ladies understanding the doctrine of *pressure*, he thought it most necessary, and appealed to Lady Shuffle who was by, (for the ladies were attracted there when the danger was over.) Mrs. Copeland, however, with her raised up nose, looked unutterable things; so severe were those

looks all description fails ; she said, however, “ that, in future, it would be necessary to insure our travelling wardrobe and trinkets, where such midnight experiments are played off by chemical ladies, and that for her part she would never again visit, without having a portable fire ladder in her portmanteau, and fastened each night to the sill of the window : that she had rather be by the side of her poor dear, now dead, husband when alive in one of his engagements, when the balls and bullets were flying about like sugar-plumbs at an Italian Carnival, than thus in danger of being partially mangled by a cracker or a detonating bomb..”

“ Yes, Ma’am,” cries Susan, “ those bums, I forgot the name before, the bums are the things that go off so with such a tremendous report, I am sure I thought my latter end was approaching ; and none of those chemicking things will I endure any longer—unless—the fright

they put me into is—considered—in my wages.”

Lord Gondola, however, cheered up the waiting woman, assuring her these frights should be put in her wages, and, “here my good girl is a guinea for you—go to bed!” the truth was, his lordship was delighted, entranced at the scene. An incident quite *new* had sprung up, it roused an energy which had been useful, and he had displayed himself well, he enjoyed its oddity, and told the lady, (gravely,) to pursue her chemical studies, that eruptions were nothing to him, and he hoped always to be near when her cap caught fire, and her head resemble another Etna.”

The inflammatory and obnoxious materials were removed, the parties retired, Lady Caloric went to another bedroom, Lord Gondola finished his ode to Muley Abdallah, the Moorish Monster, and Morpheus at last shook his bunch

of drowsy poppies over the eye-lids and senses of all the residents of Gogmagog Hall." None that night had cause to cry, as they tumbled on one side then on the other, until the bed became as hard as a board,

"Oh! gentle sleep! nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee!"

## CHAPTER VI.

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He was a shrewd philosopher,  
 And had read Hobbes and all such over.  
 Whatever christian could enquire for,  
 For every why he had a wherefore.  
 He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their nature by abstracts;  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly.

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AURORA, in her due and regular course,  
 marched with amazing strides, and dif-  
 fusing her orient beams, dispelled, at  
 length, the reign of Erebus and Nox.  
 She most impartially dispensed her glories  
 o'er one half the world, which contained  
 the sensible and the insensible, the rich  
 and the poor, the happy and the miser-  
 able: all alike shared, (if they chose,) her  
 brightness; or, as Butler has it,

The sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap ;  
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.

But in plainer English, it was morning, and a very fine one too. The subtle frost of the preceding night had settled upon the shrubs and trees, and displayed, in the sun's rays, innumerable gems of *conceivable* lustre—by those who watch and duly estimate the beauties of nature: the windows of the mansion were whitened with the breath of mortals, which finding its escape obstructed, there fixes in the shape of fantastic leaves of trees, or the spiry ascending flame; the sportsman was abroad brushing the bleached grass with his footsteps, whilst his steady eye in the pursuit of snipe and woodcock was equally upon the alert; the labourer was met with his bill-hook on his shoulder, or driving his bell-jingling team to the neighbouring market; the milk-maid with the pail



upon her head singing merrily ; boys trying the hardly bearing ice—in fine, all nature was gay and blooming, though in winter : but not a soul in the hall enjoyed its early beauty, with the exception of Mr. Manners and Miss Melville ; the surprise and interruption of the preceding evening might protract their slumbers ; but the two just mentioned were enjoying a glorious morning walk, and partook of that refreshing pleasure so unheeded by the generality of the world. Mr. Manners was at all times an early riser, but Miss Melville had made it an act of duty, by which it became habitual, the better to qualify herself by further study for her profession ; she felt herself greatly honoured and delighted in her host's excellent company, and they had traversed the greater part of his park and grounds, none of the smallest, ere they heard the signal of the breakfast bell. Whilst they were on their return home, however, they met Mr. Sowerby,

who *then* had nothing captious to say, but on the contrary was gay, lively, and benevolent. They had all a hearty laugh at Lady Caloric's accident. Mr. Sowerby complimented Miss Melville upon the Rose of Shaaron which displayed itself so luxuriantly upon her cheeks; "I hate to see the 'wishy washy' complexions of our London ~~fine~~ ladies, sodden by late hours and high living; they appear like animated corpses even while young, and their skins will, I suppose, when old be the colour of parchment; to be sure they are all aware of it and paint, but then it is so overdone, and that being seen, the remedy seems worse than the disease."

"Do not be so severe upon the ladies, Mr. Sowerby," observed Miss Melville, "make some allowances for those who, really in their hearts, abhor those very systems which fashionable etiquette have established and keep up, but which they have not the power to get abrogated."

“ My pretty pleader ! ” replied Mr. Sowerby, “ it is all in vain when you advocate folly ; your charitable allowance of a way of life that brings to the grave many a dashing belle, is doubtless well intended : but I think that the *interest* of the ton may be as well kept up by day-light, as by gas light ; *without*, as well as *with* those nocturnal unhealthy gales that give cramps and aches, which the baths of Harrogate and Matlock cannot cure hereafter. Fathers, Brothers, Guardians should erect themselves into a committee to authorise the hours of fashionable life. Why not invert the whole scene ? commence the rout by early dawn, and let it last until they are all fairly tired, instead of beginning, as they now do, when the day is expired and half of the night also.”

“ Mr. Sowerby ! why will you always dwell upon the hopeless ?—the system has continued in spite of the loss of health as well as wealth—in spite of the

admonitions of the pulpit ~~and~~ the press; even ridicule, that unravels every other knot, can neither untwist, nor cut this."

"Granted, Miss Melville!—but *that* shews the depravity of the age, which cannot be pleased but by what is *unnatural*; and when the *sçavoir vivre* depends upon that, farewell to hope indeed!"

"Oh, Mr. Sowerby! you are so severe; for my part, I perceive so many things acted, and even admired, that all the parties, pro and con, know to be artificial and insincere, that I am tempted to hold my tongue, and lift up my eyes;—only it is so common, that the wonder remains such no longer."

"Why, true! just like the circulation of a falsehood. I remember a French lady, and a wit, asserted, 'a lie might become a truth among the great, if persisted in for the length of nine days.' But *allons*!—to breakfast, my petticoat debater; and as Mr. Manners is already

in the Hall, I must beg your acceptance of a Ladies' Souvenir Pocket Book. Remember! *I* knew your father; and you must not affront me by affectedly not complying with my odd whims. There are some lines in it, which I hope you will find useful." She was about to open it, but he disappeared; and at the breakfast-table sat as if she was not in the room, or did not even know her.

At the *dejeuné* table presided Miss Grace Gaskin,—“an honour that she dreamt not of.” No other lady so old as herself had as yet appeared, and it was therefore assigned to her, for antiquity ever enjoyed that eminence, viz. of heading the table. Her amiable simperings passed current, however, with the more welcome auxiliaries of rolls, toast, tongue, eggs, tea, and coffee,—those indispensables of life. Mr. Manners rallied all the seven sleepers with gay severity. The ladies excused themselves on the score of a fright, created by Lady Caloric's un-

courteous *Retort*. That lady apologized, and good humour prevailed. Counsellor Murray advised an action being brought into court, against the offending vessel, for a breach of the peace ; or, as it was now more than a useless case, advised its being put into the court of Chancery, where it would be a fixture for life, and would offend no more. Mr. Edge, the actor, said it would do well for a play, in which he would himself act, if it could be made a little tragical, and Lord Gondola would introduce a ghost in it. Mr. Caustic was more serious, and thought that the plot had actually taken place, foretold by the green bag committee. In these times, the “ fundamental features ” of which are jacobinical, he expected fully to have met some tremendous Black Dwarf, with all his dreaded ammunition wrapped up in an old worsted stocking ! and, as his learned law friend says, “ God knows ” what would be the end of even this small beginning ? *He*

recommended a habeas suspension, for that will stop any thing:—"Except people's tongues," replied Mr. Sewell, "and 'Observers' pockets!" He proposed that Mr. Caustic should take a *review* of the case; and probably, as the subject was chemistry, which has many affinities in itself, poetical associations might also be dressed up in the Darwin style, and it might then appear in quarto, bound up with Mr. Caustic's last *thin* poem.

Miss Melville observed that there was, she thought, no great shew of gallantry among gentlemen, when they took such marked notice of the accidents and failutes of science, especially when a lady was in the case. The most learned are liable to great errors, and frequently commit themselves.

Lady Caloric smiled acquiescence in Miss Melville's well-meant defence. Lady C. was, however, an exceedingly well tempered woman; for she had uni-

formly been determined not to argue too closely on art or science with gentlemen, lest the weak should avoid hearing her, and the strong avoid her altogether. It was her rule, therefore, to cull all the material points from other's knowledge, and, with the aid of a remarkable memory, retail it here and there, as occasion might bring forth. With this spirit of condescence, therefore, she admitted her failure, and apologized to Mr. Manners for the confusion she had unintentionally thrown his house into the preceding night; but as chemistry had not been her friend, virtû had, for she now displayed from her pockets (Virtuosi always wears large pockets) several coins.

Miss Gaskin's delicacy was alarmed: perceiving the medals, she enquired if Lady Caloric would not take coffee or tea, as she had not yet begun breakfast?

"True! really," said Lady Caloric,



I had forgot !” and handing them over to Mr. Fentum, she saved Miss Gaskin’s blushes, which were occasionally so sensitive, that the sight of any thing antique, except that which was displayed in her own looking-glass, disordered her features.

Mr. Fentum observed, “ That by the study of antiquities alone were we enabled to brush away the mists of superstition. He maintained that the Mosaic, and New Testament account of certain transactions, could not be relied on ; and the antique coins and inscriptions, and even structure of the earth, which Volney, and other great philosophers, were now demonstrating——”

“ Mr. Fentum !” exclaimed Mr. Manners, “ I am sorry to interrupt you, but I must desire that no such doctrines be *displayed* in my house, and at a social table too, the conversation of which I could wish to consist of any thing but the avowal of infidelity ; your opinions

are well known to me ; keep them for your closet, nor tack them to every thing which is on the *tapis*, for if they are ever so correct, (which I am quite prepared, however, to dispute in my study with you,) I never allow such discussion at my table ; it causes disunion, and produces no good. Excuse me, Mr. Fentum, when I hope that I may now add, I see you stand corrected as to a point of order.”

Mr. Fentum, who had but this one prominent failing, bowed assent ; and now the parties each arranged their various modes of diversion for the morning. Mr. Ferrers, the young and elegant protégé of Mr. Manners, proposed to drive Mrs. Fauconberg, Miss Melville, Lady Caloric and Lady Shuffle, to the adjoining village, where there happened to be a fair, to which they with pleasure acceded ; and shortly afterwards, he mounted the box, with the Persian beside him, and handled the reins of four as spanking tits,

as any of the four-in-hand whips ever dashed off with, before the astonished gaze of the several John Bulls between London and Salt Hill. Mr. Fauconberg, Mr. Edge, and the young Counsellor, mounted their horses, and attended them. Previously to their starting, however, Miss Melville retiring to her chamber, and looking over the pocket-book which Mr. Sowerby had presented, for the promised poetry, discovered, with astonishment, nothing of the kind; but there was one in prose, beginning with, "I promise to pay," and ending with, "for the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," and in the corner, "50*l*." She reddened, and felt some transitions of mind, new and uncommon to her. It was the first present she had ever received, and why now made she could not account, except through the benevolence of Mr. Sowerby. Still, the word present annoyed her; for hitherto, what she had acquired as a governess, was,

in reality, but debts duly paid to her, obligations duly discharged on both sides; and though she felt the highest sense of gratitude to the donor, she could not reconcile her mind to the acceptance of it until she had consulted Mrs. Fauconberg, which this trip happily gave her the opportunity of doing.

Mr. Sowerby remained at the Hall for a time, but shortly after took his cane, and made his solitary walk. Mr. Manners had his avocations, his letters to write. Lord Gondola had yet to wake and to rise. Mr. Sewell, Mr. Caustic, and Mr. Latrobe were still in the immense library of their host, which, besides containing all the *fine* books (properly so called) that money could purchase, had a very large collection of Oriental MSS.; in the procuring of which, when in India, he had actually kept a person of taste and trust to purchase for him wherever he went,—and that was throughout the kingdom. Mr.

Sewell, the young author, gasping for knowledge, was delighted; Mr. Caustic in this, too, shewed an equal sympathy, for he was a good scholar, and a man of taste, although he had adopted such a bias as to become wretchedly dogmatical in his writings; both were beyond measure gratified by Mr. Latrobe opening these stores, and expatiating on their contents; for he understood the Oriental tongues, and the others did not. Not more does the shipwrecked sailor rejoice, on reaching his native country, than does the literary aspirant when devouring the treasures of such books, first beheld, and perhaps affording an insight into what was till then an object of peculiar study, but still wanting a clue. The real Heliogabali in books, may be able to appreciate this feeling in Mr. Sewell's mind; as for Mr. Caustic, though he displayed a laudable eagerness for knowledge, yet he had partly run his race—his fortune was, in some degree,

fixed, for independence awaited him; besides, from *his* political sentiments, every connexion and book collection was open to *him*; not so with the other, whose idolatry was a literary one, and now gratified to its utmost tension. Mr. Latrobe could not avoid noticing this young man's eagerness, but at that time forbore to make any comment.—Mr. Manners had his library arranged into classes: here, were every thing upon India affairs—there on Agriculture; in another, Bibliography; then, State Papers—Law—Divinity—and so on; each party, therefore, in search of knowledge, might at once arrive at every document worthy of scrutiny, or consultation.

In the mean time, the party which had proceeded to the adjoining village, were employed on their way in making sundry calls upon their visiting friends and neighbours; and nothing further than a mere ride to, and walk about the fair, occurred of sufficient importance to detail.

Mr. Sowerby, however, was overtaken as they were returning, cutting a most grotesque figure ; for he was running away from an old man and a very sickly young woman, though well-looking, and had lost his hat in the race, which he would not wait to pick up. On seeing the carriage stop, he begged Mr. Ferrers to drive on a few paces, and then he would get in, if the ladies could accommodate him, which was accordingly done.—“ Hey, day, Mr. Sowerby !” said Lady Shuffle, “ what have you been doing to incur the resentment of these cottagers ? A staid old gentleman, like you, I should not have suspected of poaching.” —“ What, madam ! — Lady Shuffle, I mean—poaching !—what is that you say ?—but it’s no matter ; yet I do think it extremely odd one cannot walk out without being obliged to give all the world an account of it.” —“ Why, Mr. Sowerby ! really if no harm *was* done, you might satisfy our—I mean *my* curi-

osity.”—“Did you always think and act so yourself, madam?—my Lady, I mean!—Now I have no curiosity to know how you have spent your time, and where, either this day, or in any period of your life; such is the difference of people’s composition.”—“Why, bless me, Mr. Sowerby! you are very cross and ill natured! and this I must say, were all mankind such misanthropes as yourself, I do not know how society would go on.”—“Nor I either,” replied Mr. Sowerby.

Miss Melville hoped he would not take cold, as she had seen him running without his hat. “Dear, Mr. Sowerby! put this handkerchief round your head.”

Lady Caloric said she had an infallible specific against cold and convulsions of every sort, which she had tried on thirty rabbits, ten cats, four dogs, and three servant maids, for knowledge could never be obtained without experiments; and when she got to the Hall she would make



up a bolus for him ; though she usually administered it in powders, to weaker creatures.”

“ *My Lady ! I shall take none of your nostrums, that you may rely upon ; a female Esculapius !—Oh, ye Gods !—No, though I am a little puffed with the hard run I have had, I shall not run the risque of being blown up a thousand fathom in the air by any would-be Hippocrates in petticoats.*”

Mrs. Fauconberg enjoyed a hearty laugh at these broken dialogues, which had scarcely taken place ere the vehicle had got within the park gates. But, as Mr. Sowerby has somehow become conspicuous upon our canvas, and as a man makes himself still more so, who differs with and contradicts a lady, we shall explain who and what he is, or rather was.

Mr. Sowerby began life in the middle scene ; that is, his parents were neither rich nor poor—neither philosophers nor nobles. He was sent to an excellent

boarding-school, a few miles from the metropolis, where he received a very tolerable, though not a university education. When fourteen, he was an indentured apprentice to a respectable house, where he was much disliked by his mistress, perhaps owing to an innate love of bluntness, which he piqued himself upon, and this was no way congenial to the raised-up lady, who had by her good looks been promoted from the kitchen to the parlour. He was, however, soon saved further mortifications on this head, for the house failed to which he was bound, and it was shrewdly suspected in consequence of the extravagance and profusion of this nymph, who kept her husband in leading-strings. Mr. Sowerby was therefore transferred, like a punchon of rum, to another house, where his value was better appreciated. His new master for the remaining four years of his indentures, was Mr. Seward of Cheapside, who was a widower, with

an only daughter, then at a respectable boarding-school. He was a gentleman and a scholar, though a tradesman ; and, by his urbanity, sweetly exercised, gradually rubbed off that roughness from Mr. Sowerby which he had valued himself upon. He then became a most agreeable companion, and was made and treated as Mr. Seward's own son, *until* his daughter returned from school, who had then finished her education. Miss Seward was a genteel girl, a brunette, with great vivacity, and not at all likely to captivate the heart of a man who, though in the house, and therefore very contagious to soft impressions, was not as yet cleared of his indentures. Things went on in this way, Mr. Seward being unusually strict and circumspect with his young man, until his servitude expired. He then called him to his parlour, presented him his indentures, and wished him happiness ; when Mr. Sowerby, on turning round, could not fail to observe

that Miss Seward had evidently been in tears. Her father now enquired the nature of his pursuits, and his future views ; which Mr. Sowerby, with the readiest openness, explained. It was not his intention of leaving him at present, he said, unless his absence was desired ; but to remain with him for a year or two, until some prospect opened of commencing business, as he could at any time command a few thousands from his guardian. Mr. Seward was pleased to express himself grateful for the proposition, and there Mr. Sowerby remained, not treated as a servant, but as a companion, on all occasions. In the mean time, suitors to the daughter appeared, and very eligible matches were offered, which she as uniformly rejected, but with the utmost politeness. Mr. Sowerby attended her, however, to the opera and the theatre, and to all places of amusement ; sometimes with her father, and sometimes without ; talked, jested with her, thought

her a charming young woman enough,  
but too proud, too high in her notions,  
and too gay in the love of amusement,  
for him to think of as a wife, even  
dared he to soar so high.

## CHAPTER VII.

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Thus with short plummet Heaven's deep well we sound,  
 That vast abyss where human wit is drown'd !  
 In our small skiff we must not launch too far ;  
 We here but coasters, not discoverers are.      *Dryden,*

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ACCIDENT, however, which brings the most important things to light, and often in the most trivial way, discovered the state of Miss Seward's heart, hitherto an inexplicable paradox to her father and to Mr. Sowerby : the latter had for some weeks past absented himself occasionally in the evening from this small circle, which till now he had never quitted ; the truth was, he attended a foreigner who taught Latin and Greek, and the rudiments of mathematics. The alien was poor, but nobly born ; he could not

stoop to go out as a tutor, but those who could afford the time to wait on him, he undertook to qualify and fill up the lapses of a neglected education. Mr. Sowerby had felt this deficiency, and, being equally ashamed of it, kept his visits a secret from Mr. Seward and his daughter. Soon afterwards, he perceived a remarkable alteration in the behaviour of Miss Seward; she became cold, repulsive, and still more haughty. He enquired if he had unwittingly offended her?—A frigid “No, sir!” was all the reply. The good old man, too, was abstracted—pensive—a mysterious something pervaded the very atmosphere of the house. It happened that he was, a few days after, upon 'Change, when a Polish Jew addressed him, and offered a valuable Cachmere shawl of rare and singular beauty, for sale; they had had frequent dealings before, and the Jew candidly acknowledged it had been smuggled. The bargain was, however, made;

and as he had received such uniform kindness from this worthy family, to which he was greatly attached, with joy exulting in his heart, he hastened home, to present it to the only female in this world he respected. But how was he thunderstruck, when, after the expression of his most affectionate regard for her, and begging her acceptance of the trifle he then presented her with—she indignantly flung it to the ground, and haughtily left the room. He stood like a statue, reflecting on this conduct, so mysterious and unaccountable, especially when put in the same scale with her late coldness. “What, in heaven’s name, have I, or could I have done, to offend this virtuous, good, and affectionate girl to her parent!—and if so good thus, what a treasure would she then be to a doting husband!” He threw himself upon the sofa—dwelt upon all her actions, sayings, remarks; honour and purity breath-



ed throughout the whole. Then her refusal of so many excellent offers of alliance!—Such beauty and innocence of countenance also, emanating from a soul pure and unsullied! The more he thought upon her, the more he admired—respected—loved—and, strange to say, never *loved* till now. With all his bluntness, and inflexible hatred of insidiousness, vanity formed no part of the mould of which Mr. Sowerby was composed; the ambition of aspiring after her hand, he thought, till now, was hopeless, for it would be fruitless; but after this scene, just witnessed, he concluded himself to be a miserable man without her. He rung the bell, and desired the servant to beg an audience of Mr. Seward. The good old gentleman heard his tale with some emotion, and was hastening away, when Mr. Sowerby intreated his interference in his behalf. Mr. Seward replied, that where his daughter's heart was

concerned, he should oppose no obstacle, for he had ever decided that she should choose for herself, which he doubted not she would do with perfect propriety. Mr. Sowerby now gave himself up to despair. Miss Seward did not leave her room for some days ; and, dissatisfied with himself and the whole world, he neither went out, nor into the counting-house. On the fourth morning, however, he met Miss Seward's maid, and eagerly inquired how she did?—" Oh, quite charming this morning, sir!" " Thank God for that!" putting a guinea into the girl's hand.—" What is this for?" said the Abigail.—" For your delightful news of to-day."—" I have some news for you, sir! too: here is a letter which came—that is—it is here—was left—it came——" " How?—what is all this stammering about?"—" Why, sir! this letter—by some accident—that is, I put it into my pocket after you was

gone to bed, so you see how it got rumped and touzled so!" at the same time colouring deeply, hastily quitting the room: she turned back again, however, and whispering very knowingly, and most confidentially, said, "Sir! sir!—hush!—my mistress will be down to dinner to-day, I believe, if you are not going out." Mr. Sowerby hastily read the letter, which he perceived was from his friend, the old French noble; it contained a small account and receipt for his lessons, and what was added even brought tears into his eyes.

**"MY DEAR FRIEND!**

"Not having seen you these several days past, but having received your letter instead, with an inclosure of treble the amount I should receive, allow me to express my great obligation to you,—the generous stranger! The overflowing tears of gratitude will escape. I can only

aspirate that, when in need, (which heaven avert!) you may find (what you have been to me)—a good Samaritan!

“ Believe me,

“ Your very obedient,

“ humble servant,

“ ETIENNE MALPRES,

“ *Chev. de St. Louis.*”

“ *No. 4, White Lion Court,  
Friday Street.*”

Mr. Sowerby's spirits somehow became considerably bettered by this communication of the Abigail; and, though particularly engaged that morning, as if Mr. Seward had purposely encumbered him, until the dinner hour, he contrived to finish by four o'clock. On attending the summons for dinner, how inexpressibly surprised and agitated was he on

perceiving Miss Seward alone, and *with* the contentious shawl over her shoulders.

“ My dear Miss Seward ! I rejoice to see you again from your chamber ; it has been an age ; and I most fervently hope that I may never offend you more, if it puts me to the severest penance that can be inflicted upon me in this world—your absence.” —“ Ah, Mr. Sowerby !” replied the lovely girl, sweetly blushing through her tears, “ do not despise me for my treatment of an honourable man ; behold, I wear your present as the token of reconciliation ; I have made myself ridiculous, and so contemptible in my own eyes, that how to face your’s has racked and distressed me all the morning. Can you pardon the impertinent folly of a girl like me ?” —“ Cease, cease, my adorable creature !” —when Mr. Seward entered the room. The lovers’ confusion did not escape the father’s eye, nor did that father wish to see aught else. Little dinner was ate that day : all the par-

ties, as if in unison, wished it over ; the cloth removed, and the servants retired, Oh ! then did Mr. Sowerby, with his new-found courage, light up his best hopes, and discoursed most eloquent music to the fascinated Julia Seward ; the worthy old man, who only had his daughter's happiness at heart, and lived and breathed now for no other purpose than seeing the man, whose probity and high sense of honour he had for so many years been witness to, as it were, at his daughter's feet, pretended, after a glass or two of wine, a sudden-recollected engagement, and left the lovers to enjoy all the felicity, which lovers only can feel and appreciate when mutually assured of each other's homage. Delightful hours ! flitting as fast as minutes, when innocence, and peace, and joy, are striving to increase each other's delight and glory. The reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment ; but then, how Miss Seward blushed, when she owned that an

unfounded jealousy was the cause of her violent conduct!—nor was her sensation of shame less acute, when it was cured by a mode surreptitious and even base ; for the same French letter which made the writer open *his* heart, opened *her* eyes also. “ My maid, you know, Mr. Sowerby, is a faithful creature, and so watchful, Argus could not deceive her ; *she* saw through my mystery, whilst *you* could not ; and when that letter (to me a dreaded one !) arrived, the girl, daringly affectionate to me, in spite of all commands, broke it open. Vexed and agitated as I was at her imprudence, yet still the master passion was uppermost, and I prepared to hear her read it, but that was beyond her powers. Thus was I mean enough to be undeceived, even in this way, as to your real character ; for, oh ! the days and nights of anguish I have passed since the fatal idea haunted my mind that you had a mistress abroad !—Indeed, I wronged you !—and if the whole,

the whole volume of a future life of obedience and love can atone for this unmerited suspicion, it shall."

Mr. Seward, on his entrance, found Mr. Sowerby on his knees before his daughter. He stood and viewed them with unutterable delight; his handkerchief applied to eyes weeping tears of joy, told the tale, and betrayed his concurrence. They arose, and bending before Mr. Seward, he locked their hands together with a squeeze of benediction, and sat down, overcome with the most gratifying emotions, and gazing at the youthful and fond pair, whose fates were so soon to be identified. When the workings of a joyful but agitated soul had subsided, he said, "My children! for such I will now call you, this has ever been the summit of my wishes,—the maintop gallant of my hopes,—to see you love each other, and so loving, become united, while I might enjoy the most heavenly of all terrestrial scenes,—



the witnessing of it. It was not for me to foster, or encourage hopes which the individual inclination of either might obstruct the completion of ; but, since you have found the way to each other's hearts, may heaven bless and prosper you both ! My son, I suppose (smiling) you will not run off with my daughter, now that the jade has met you more than half way, and with open arms ; but that you will put your name into my firm, and accept of half my trade, beside 10,000*l.*, which sum is her own, and which I took most especial care none should know was her own, being determined my girl should ever be loved for herself ; yet, should you be disposed not to dwell beneath my (and henceforth your own) roof, I shall not oppose it."

" Oh, my father and my friend ! your goodness, and my present happiness, are so overpowering, that, for want of adequate expression, I can but utter disjointed and broken words ; never will we

quit this happy roof, till death shall dis-unite this blessed and tripartite contract; my and your own Julia shall strive to make your old age chearful, by our affectionate duty to the best of men.

Thus, so far, did the sun of felicity beam upon Mr. Sowerby. In a short period, he was united to Miss Seward, joined his father-in-law's firm, their business extended, and all went on well.

Time revolves rapidly, and almost imperceptibly, when its hours are properly employed; but if the heart is full of enjoyment, then how fleetly roll away even years! Mr. Sowerby's family increased to the number of three; but at that number, he was unhappily destined to endure as many and great shocks as probably the wounded soul of man can bear. He, as we observe in the rise and fall of mighty empires, had begun the world moderately, got enriched, become respectable, flourishing, and happy; and then—all declined. What now are Babylon, Sparta?

Athens, Rome ? cities that gave laws and refinement to surrounding nations : just so is man ; his fleeting dream of enjoyment quickly decayed away—his prosperity vanished—his relations, his friends, swept from the earth, and himself now visited with the awful warnings of a yawning tomb, by the diseases and infirmities which attend upon his senectude. But not to dwell further on the contrast of misery, after such a sunshine of peace and joy, the reverses which Mr. Sowerby encountered were these :—In the course of nature, the happy pair lost their good and benevolent father. This was a blow severely felt, though natural, and long expected. But he had shortly afterwards to endure and suffer in agony at the dissolution of his wife—his beloved Julia ! At that time the small-pox was a devouring scourge, and the infected, in adult age, were rarely saved ; she suffered unutterable pangs at the idea of leaving that husband, the first and only idol of her

heart, the pride of her life ; but the inexorable tyrant death, who alike satiates upon the innocent as the wicked, allowed no indulgence to her, and she was placed in the tomb of her ancestors. Her husband's grief was commensurate with such a loss ; her virtues, never overlooked, all now started up afresh before his bleeding memory, already paralyzed and groaning under the scene of affliction, but, as if that affliction was not sufficiently hard to bear, his two younger children at home (for his eldest daughter was at school) caught the malady, and, in spite of the struggles of youth and the skill of experience, were, within ten days afterwards, deposited in the same sepulchre. The blow thus repeated, was so severe, that it may not excite much wonder that, for a short period, he lost his reason. By the attention of physicians he became convalescent ; and now being brought again to the acute recollection of his losses, he had nearly be-

come the willing prey of despair, had not one surviving pledge of their affection, who still lived, demanded his fostering aid, and supplied the only consolation now left him. Mr. Sowerby immediately retired from business, having by this time a very sufficient fortune, and devoted all his attention to the rearing of his only daughter.

But who, alas ! can insure to himself the happiness he has prescribed—even in the natural contemplation of enjoyment in his own child ? He delights in her prattle, he marks her rising genius, dwells upon her progress in study and accomplishment, and, knowing he can provide for her independently, sits down and calculates upon the comforts, most reasonably expected, from her affection and her obedience. But the thousand mental and corporeal ills of life that flesh is heir to, often blast, in one moment, the parental anxiety of years, as is frequently witnessed. The younger and interesting

Julia had the misfortune to be bereaved of a mother's soft, affectionate, and watchful solicitude ; she was equally unfortunate in being an inmate of a very fashionable and expensive boarding-school ; and what is worse than all, her father, with the fond hopes of her being still more and more accomplished—rivaling all others—kept her there, alas ! too long ! She came home indeed—a lady, but her principles had been contaminated by the fatal contact. Nor is this an exaggerated picture of the evils of boarding-schools, for full-grown young women, especially in town. Her governess was unquestionably, *to all the world*, most respectable ; but behind the veil (we will not say curtain) she was the reverse. With a refinement of hypocrisy, virtue was ever in her mouth—never in her heart !—she was a gay, frivolous, novel-reading, carriage-gadding, intriguing woman ; but such was her address that, by excessive indulgence, she so at-

tached or conciliated all her pupils, that her school increased by the very means which should have created suspicion and acted oppositely. Such was, however, Madame Dumont, an assumed name, for her real one was Helen Mac Gennis; to say more of her, however, is unnecessary, than that she was originally a cast-off mistress of a nobleman, who, while she so lived and reigned, had been taught the qualifications she possessed.

To return to Miss Julia Sowerby: she was now brought home to her father's house, and he introduced her to the circle of his acquaintance; she was eighteen years of age, remarkable for her beauty of figure, and for all the fine set-offs of dancing and music. Her father had soon the deep misfortune to find her unaffectionate, impatient of contradiction, the last thing from being of a domestic turn, and, finally, that she had a passion for expensive gaiety. His observations, remonstrances, and even entreaties, were all

in vain, and he trembled at the prospect before him. Still he gave way to her inclinations for the ball, the theatre, concert, &c. as natural, in some degree, at her age. Unfortunately, at one of the *select* assemblies, her partner in the dance, a profligate and unworthy character, caught her attention, and engaged her heart. He was a captain in the \*\*\*\*, notoriously, not only deep in debt, but of the most depraved principles, and was there, as he had been every where else, upon the hunt for a fortune—or to seduce. He did not proceed with Miss Sowerby in the authorized mode of waiting upon her father, but adopted the more insidious method of a private and clandestine correspondence, with occasional meetings by stealth, until he had completely gained her affections. In the mean time, one who had been confidentially employed between them, betrayed all to her father; the shock was great,—yet he took no notice of it that moment, but immedi-



ately adopted the precaution of ascertaining the character of the captain, which he but too well succeeded in, for it was such a vile compound of every thing unmanly and debased, that did not his commission warrant his being received into good company as a gentleman, he would otherwise be viewed and treated as the best dressed, and handsomest black-guard in the king's dominions; in fact, he was so, but a commission protected him. On his return home, Mr. Sowerby called his daughter to him, detailed to her all the information he had received of her private correspondence, and gently reproached her with the dissingenuousness and impropriety of her conduct. She did not deny it, but "gloried in her love for Captain \*\*\*\*, the most noble and perfect gentleman she had ever seen."—"He is a villain, Julia!—a seducer!—a spendthrift!—I have this day had the most incontestible evidence of it, and would prove it to you, if ne-

cessary ; you must see him no more.”  
“ Sir ! ” replied the infatuated girl, “ if your object is, by traducing my lover, to wean my affections from him, know, then, that shall never be—can never be ! I love him to adoration, and no earthly power shall divide me from him ! ” Her father remonstrated, threatened, even descended to implore her not to plunge herself in that ruin which would be irretrievable,—vowed he would never give her a shilling,—and, desiring her to make up her mind to abandon him, or to incur her father’s eternal displeasure, gave her until the next evening to consider of it, and left the room. But, alas ! that evening of consideration never came ; she eloped from her father’s house, and threw herself into the arms of a seducer. This was his object precisely ; for, after a week had elapsed, he had the effrontery to wait upon a heart-broken father, and to add to his injuries, by saying, he would marry his daughter, if he would

give her ten thousand pounds, but if otherwise, she should be still where she was—as his mistress ! This daring atrocity of conduct so incensed Mr. Sowerby, that he flew to a sword that hung over the chimney, and would have run him through, if the captain had not disarmed him. “ Go, wretch ! ” exclaimed Mr. Sowerby, “ and be assured that you shall not touch a shilling of my money. If you had been a gentleman, and a man of honour, and not disgraced the coat you wear, I would have given every pound I possess to add to my daughter’s happiness. I foresee she will soon return to me, and I shall still open a father’s arms to receive her—if penitent. Go, sir ! quit my house !—nor dare to pollute it more with your hated presence, at your peril !—the laws shall yet punish you.” The captain sneered, and departed.

Mr. Sowerby was doomed to undergo still greater sufferings. As soon as the seducer of his daughter quitted his doors,

he, with great presence of mind, got into a coach, and had strong hopes of reaching the villain's lodgings, and reclaiming his daughter from perdition ; and he succeeded so far as to arrive there first. His daughter no sooner perceived him than she screamed, and was near fainting ; but the father adopted every means to revive her, and conjured her instantly to leave her seducer. " Wretched as the step you have taken is, and degraded as you are, still it is as yet unknown to many ; and were it known, a father's forgiving arms should, and shall be thrown open to the Magdalen." He had almost succeeded, when the captain entered ; and then, alas ! all became hopeless, for she peremptorily refused to quit the man of her choice, who had solemnly promised to make her his wife. " Then take my malediction, nor dare again to face your rejected father, who here disowns you for ever !" So saying, and nearly suffocated with his emotions,

he was conveyed home, almost in a state of despair. A sick room was his portion during many weeks afterwards; for the agitation of his mind had brought on a fever, which threatened even his existence, for a time; a threat he would gladly have accepted, for life had no longer any charms for him: the prosperity of riches he could not enjoy,—religion, which should be the first, and is the only consolation under all afflictions, was the last thought of here; and hence the sarcastic and gloomy turn of mind perceivable in his manner, which the reader may probably recollect.

But to bring Mr. Sowerby's history to a close. Within six months the wretched girl, the dupe of this man's insidious arts, (for he had built upon the wealth of Mr. Sowerby, and some probability of his death), became the outcast her father had predicted. The man she loved (not her lover), for whom she had braved all—for whom she had violated all the rules

which bind female modesty and virtue together,—discarded, deserted, spurned her off. For a while she supported herself in deep obscurity, until every article he had allowed her to keep possession of was parted with ; and she then ventured, with a broken heart and shattered frame, when the light of day had closed its portals, to the roof of a father she had so much injured. To describe the scene is not possible. Nature relenting, received the penitent prodigal—forgave her offences, or how should he expect pardon for his own ?—now that he perceived the evident tears of contrition to flow, mourned over her, and even cheered her into the hope of happy days still in store. Alas ! the canker-worm which always follows guilty *pleasure* (so called), had seized the vitals ; it preyed not only on her form but on her soul ; the hue of balmy peace had for ever fled from her countenance, and it was succeeded by a pallid dreariness—the consequence of

vice. Her health was undermined by the spoiler ; in addition to which, he had degraded her, step by step, into his own odious vice of inebriation. What a prospect for a father to contemplate !—so fair an edifice now become a ruin,—the lily which shone fairest in the parterre, now trodden down. The tinge of hectic fever came on ; she decayed, and, notwithstanding the affectionate forgiveness of a too kind father (for such she repeatedly expressed, with overflowing eyes), and the skill of physicians, she expired at nineteen ! Oh, ye sons and daughters of men, reflect ! If, in this transitory sphere, vice was punished and virtue only rewarded, then the road would be straight, and the finger-post legible. But such are the mysterious ways of Providence, that the guilty to mortal ken, do not perceptibly meet with the retribution their crimes deserve. Captain \*\*\*\*, notwithstanding the villainy of his conduct, became a major,

became a colonel, a general, and, throughout, kept the best company, *i. e.* that of the great and wealthy; whilst the victim of his unbridled passions was murdered in her nineteenth year, and the heart of her agonized father was transfixed with an arrow of grief, that death only can extract. Such, however, is an awful instance of the effects of disobedience, and, at the same time, of the vices of large boarding-schools,—those hot-beds of imbibed depravity! A volume might be written against them.

Mr. Sowerby now felt himself isolated on the earth; he had drank the bitter cup of misery to the dregs; the joys of his former days had retrograded into the stormy shipwrecks of his latter ones; and, notwithstanding his ample fortune, he felt as if shut up in a splendid sepulchre, from which there was no retreat, where no further joys awaited him, but to vegetate here, and to mourn over scenes of happiness for ever gone; but



there was one which he had overlooked, viz. the *hope* of embracing his family in those regions of bliss and joy to which the virtuous are taught to look, instead of the grovelling scenes of the present. He might have found, in Dr. Watts's beautiful theory, many consolatory reflections, which would disarm even grief itself of some of its worst fangs.

We have now finished Mr. Sowerby's story ; and, since the last catastrophe, he had been roaming about, or visiting his friends, and by no means inactive in the best pursuits ; but to anticipate them in this place would be improper ; we shall, therefore, in the next chapter, return to Gogmagog Hall.

the court of Parnassus, which was held in the open air, at the foot of Mount Ida. He beheld a multitude of poets, historians, and authors of all sorts, surrounding him,—forming an immense moving amphitheatre. In the centre, sat Apollo, as judge; his face beamed as the morning, and glory surrounded the head of the divinity: notwithstanding the blaze was exceedingly bright and dazzling, he was astonished to observe the numerous tribes facing it in the undaunted manner they did, and not blinded by its glory; but he soon accounted for it, by noticing that some (whom he had the honour of knowing, to be) very dull in their writings, not at all aware of it, stood, as it were, defying Apollo himself, and the nine muses by whom he was surrounded. The dreamer was aware that such had literally been the case in their publications; but he did not expect this personal audacity before, and in the presence of the god of the silver bow.

It appeared, as it were, that a general audit of the literary host was about to be made; and, for this purpose, the souls of all such, now living, were disembodied, and the dead were, of course, there. The scene was great and glorious,—the dreamer was “at home.” He recognized all the great men of antiquity, as well as the contemporaneous few he *would* acknowledge, to be great; but saw an innumerable host, that outnumbered the sands upon the sea shore, in the most perturbable bustle, crowding toward the throne of Phœbus, as ambitious of a something which the dreamer was not as yet made acquainted with. He therefore acquired courage, and approached the gentle SPENSER, whom he saw at a distance, surrounded by Farie Queenes, gnomes, and sylphs, of the most fantastic shapes. That poet had already received a crown of laurel, and was one of the initiated; he embraced the dreamer, and thus spoke,—“Behold the mul-

titudes which are assembled from the earth, and from the shades, all eager in pursuit of that wreath which our great master Apollo deigns to grant but to very few,—a laurel crown is this day to be placed on the brows of that man of mighty mind who has most conscientiously violated none of his laws, and therefore most successfully worshipped him. Behold your and my countrymen reposing under the boughs of those shaggy firs,—Shakspeare, Jonson, Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and some few others, near them ; they are already laurelled, and receive their reward in *leaves* which never will decay.” The dreaming poet then replied, — “ Most divine master, next to Apollo ! as thou hast been my guide and polar star, be thou still to me here what Virgil was to Dante in the infernal shades, and the Sybil to Eneas ; my faculties are awed, as well as sublimated, at this scene ; convey me to that classic corner, where I perceive Homer,

Pindar, Virgil, Anacreon, Cicero, and Livy, whom I recognize with delight.”

“That I would do,” replied the gentle Spenser, “but I see you are surrounded with most disagreeable company!—who are these followers that hang around thee? Giaours! Corsairs! and other ungracious appendages,—are these thy Muses? do they haunt thy imagination on earth, as they do here thy person?—Such company would be unfit for the classic regions I would introduce thee to—send them away!”—“Gentle master! I cannot—I am spell-bound; they assume to dwell in my ink, and flow with my pen; I am under their incantation, and the gall which they have infused into my blood, has made me miserable—and, in return, I have made out everyone else to be equally so, whether they know it or not; I fear they have become my penates—my household gods; but, if *you* would now deign to invoke Apollo, in my behalf, to discharge these skirt-stickers, for *I* can-

not, so shall I bless thee ; and then nature, and her eternal rout of benevolence shall ever after be my guide, my rule, the needle to direct !”

“ My son !” replied the gentle bard, “ ’tis done. Hence, unreal mockeries ! hence !—They are now vanished into thin air, and thy filmy vision shall be perfected ; but dare not hereafter to enlist, under the banners of Apollo, such a set of images,—associations degrading and unseemly, in his radiant light ; nor waste thy powers in misleading ingloriously the weak, the rich, the simple, and unsuspecting, who are seduced to believe and admire what they have not the powers to comprehend. Let not the fashion of the day be *thy* object—set not thyself up as its real or imaginary idol—for, if the applause of such can gratify thy heart, it is unworthy of my, or even of your own solicitude.” He ceased ; the glow of conviction mantled over the dreamer’s cheek ; the thrill of penitence

made him shudder ; at the same time, he felt a consciousness of greatness and glory now awaiting him, far different to his usual hectic flushings, which compared with nature's rosy hue, are discoloured, like the black and lowering skies in autumnal evenings, succeeding the retiring sun. The old bard now wafted him, by his invisible agency, to the Elysian fields ; there he enjoyed the personal and unsophisticated delight of conversing with those Classic authors of old, whose works now overspread the world, and will never die. " Welcome, my son ! " cried Homer ; " let me feel thy countenance, for my external sight is not yet restored. Go ! pursue thy ardours ; but direct them aright. Be thou a domestic Hector to thy future and weeping Andromache, which I judge by my prescience will come to pass ; nor let the Latian cities, though the birth-place of my friend Virgil, whose arm I now hold, tempt thee, by its enervating fantasia, to forsake

thy country, which demands thy service next to Apollo." They pursued their walk, and the faerie guide then took the dreamer to the banks of a lake, where he discerned several poets, of a recent day, amusing themselves in drawing pictures of asses, ponys, old women, thorns, daffodils, red cloaks, ragged boys, porringers, washing-tubs, spades, sparrows' eggs, leeches, &c. which they did to the life,—“ For such,” said the old bard, “ seem to be the height of their ambition.”—“ Oh, I know them well,” said the dreamer ; “ nor am I surprised to find them, with their old predilections, on the borders of a *lake*, so pertinacious to their old element, from which generally ascends a mist, whereby things are seen through a false medium ; I once endeavoured to put them in a better road, but they still proceeded in their old track.” “ Leave them !” replied the bard ; “ they are sincere worshippers of Apollo, but weak ones ; and our god is not over sa-



tified at their perversion of his rules and discipline, so clearly laid down; they would arrogantly have instituted a new system, for which you perceive he has condemned them to wander upon these banks, *and* to be so satisfied with themselves, as to render them invulnerable to criticism, which, indeed, has been long withheld, excepting that laudatory sort which they employ in behalf of one another, in publications attached to their party politics."

"Ah! gentle bard!" replied the dreamer, "you have now touched upon a tender string; party, prejudice, and fashion, now rule the country which gave you and me birth. If the divine Milton were to revisit our land, and with another *Paradise Lost*, he would meet with the same fate that once awaited his noble poem. He must have some one to introduce him to the publisher of the day, and even then give up half that reward which his genius and labour entitles him

to. The artifices now employed to give a book currency, surpass your comprehension, gentle bard of olden time!—The influence which every one must court, is, indeed, degrading, but *must* be adopted, or you are lost. The propensity of the age for individual satire, is inextinguishable; and, consequently, poets and their booksellers, like hungry pikes, live by preying upon one another. I myself have felt it all; the hydra assailed me, but I vanquished it by my satire upon the Northern Hive, but still more by an auxiliary review, which I then and since have found to be necessary, to bolster up even my errors against the judgment of the reflecting. But I am really getting sick of it, and must soon throw off a connexion which is disgraceful to literature; for it is only fed by the malice of party against reason and argument. It has made me even versatile, I have praised one day what I condemned before; very friendships have been created with

writers I satirised ; and the whole scene is one of confusion and chaos, though, as before explained, still necessary ;—*but* as my reputation is established, and whatever I write sells, *cut* the concern I will.” By this time the clangor of trumpets was heard, and the god Apollo shone more resplendent ; crowds were hurrying to the throne, each to receive their laurels, though one only was to be dispensed. On this side were Cervantes, Rabelais, Quevedo, and Tom Browne, holding their sides, and laughing at the rush of dunces, who were goaded on behind by the booksellers who had *bought* their works. Indeed, the gentlemen of the trade were remarkably busy this day, in a variety of expedients too tedious to mention. On a sudden, the most celestial music was heard, and the car of Apollo came moving forth in clouds of blue and gold ; when—who can describe the dreamer’s exultation ?—the patron of genius de-

scended, and, selecting him from the crowd, placed the envied LAUREL ON HIS BROW. His soul became filled with the most sublime emotions ; and, in suddenly attempting to fall on his knees and make a suitable speech,—Lord Gondola awoke, and fell out of bed. In vain he called for his sweet guide, Spenser,—his valet came instead,—who was, though often astonished, more surprised than ever, to behold his master on his knees, (a very unusual posture,) feeling his brows for the imaginary laurels, which this most congenial dream had almost made a reality. It was some time before the servant could get a reply from his entranced lord, more enamoured of his ideal wreath, than Don Quixote was of his Dulcinea. Yet, as in a very few minutes sometimes, the happiness of one's life is sealed, and perhaps—dispelled too,—that interval really shook from Lord Gondola all his Elysian feelings, and he was once more fated to breathe on this pes-

tiferous earth, and endure!—"Heigh, ho!—what's the hour, Paulo?"—"Past de middle of de day, mi lord!"—"Oh, Apollo!—the Quaker, I mean,—I must embrace thee, my friend! for thou art a *unique*. Here, Paulo, dress me!—but stop,—go and enquire if there is a quaker's dress in the house?"—"Vat, my Lord! dún trembleur?—mais pourquoi?"—"Go, sirrah! and borrow me a suit of plain drab,—for I will shew myself as a friend!" (sighing). But the servant was unsuccessful. If he (Lord Gondola) had been disposed to march as a bashaw of three tails, or a nabob, he might have been accommodated out of Mr. Manners's wardrobe. The noble lord, however, took coffee, which had been brought into his room, finished his toilet, and paid his morning devoirs at *noon*, to the parties who were in the mansion; he also took some hasty strides in the shrubbery of evergreens, at the back of the house, got into the swing, and, what with one

exercise or another, thought himself now prepared to leave Mr. Manners for two days, and sojourn with the Quaker. Miss Melville and Mrs. Fauconberg were in the music-room, and he now visited them, for the purpose of taking a farewell. “Ah, ladies! pity me! I am now going on a voyage of discovery, which will shortly be published by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver, *the younger!* I shall give you a description of the Hounynmms, in poetry, when I return,—that is, if I am not eat up by the cannibals. Do pity me, Miss Melville!”

“For why, my lord?” replied Miss Melville: “I envy you the pleasure you are about to partake; for, where peace and tranquillity reign, with affluence withal, that place must be a Paradise; but I suppose it is the *forte* of genius not to see any thing with the commonplace, imperturbable emotions of girls like me. Do, my good lord! make

my respects to Mrs. Capper, and her family !”

“ And mine,” replied Mrs. Fauconberg, “ since you are now awake !—I shall call you the *late* Lord Gondola : what a glorious effusion of nature you have lost this morning ! But what, in the name of wonder, will you do with yourself to-night ?—for the Cappers are all in bed at ten, and rise at five !”

“ Ah, what indeed !” replied Lord Gondola ; “ for I suppose friend Capper allows no light but the inward one, and that is not quite apropos to Muley Aballah, the poem I want to finish, as my forthcoming pamphlet is too thin without it. Who knows but the Quaker really will *make* me go to bed ? My valet, however, shall takè some wax candles in his pocket ; for night is the only time for composition, with a skull before you, and a couple of burners in the sockets.”

“ For shame !” cried Miss Melville :

“ what can make you, my Lord, so very fond of bones, and any thing from, or about a sepulchre ?”

“ My pretty child of the harp ! my heart, some few years since, was a heart of flesh, but now it is one of stone ; the manifest deceits of the world have seared it, and I am compelled to have recourse to those loathsome images, to give a proper tone and colour to my own peculiar ideas. But, almost thou persuadest me to be like other men ; for, when angels are near, there *Paradise* is, and it will be to me a lost *one*, when I go.”

So saying, he made his devoirs to the ladies, and departed.

In the mean time, an old man had arrived with Mr. Sowerby's hat, which, it may be recollected, he forsook on the road ; he wished to see him, but Mr. Sowerby declined that, and begged Mr. Manners, his old friend, to get rid of him, while he himself escaped into the garden.



On Mr. Manners complying with his friend's desire, he found an old cottager, decently dressed, who stated, that *he* was not the gentleman he wanted to be grateful to, though he knew he came into this house, for he got into his worship's carriage. "Well, my good friend! tell me what you have to say, for he is not now in the house."—"Oh, sir! then bid him accept the grateful tears of an old man, his daughter and children, who must have perished but for his aid,—and he has saved us. Oh, the kind stranger! whom we never saw before, and would not stay to be thanked; but his own heart will whisper, that the five guineas he left this morning, to preserve us from ruin, will plead for him, if he has been ever so great a sinner, which I don't think he has been, though he does look so cross like, and snappish."

"But, my good friend! it is my turn to be cross now; how dare you to be in such poverty, which I suppose must be

the case, without coming to me, who live but a mile off?—I never sent any one away yet without relief.”

“ Oh, please your honour ! don’t you be ’fronted. My tale would inform you why, if you would but condescend to hear it.”—“ Speak on,” replied Mr. Manners.—“ My name is Jenkins, and have been a farmer’s labourer these five-and-fifty years. I had only one daughter left me ; who, a few years since married, and she has three young children, all now at my cottage, with the mother ; for her husband not only drank away all he and she earned, but left her, and listed for a soldier, six weeks ago ; he left her too in the family way, your honour ! and it is only a fortnight since she was down-lying ; and, what with the rheumatics I have in my arms, and her potteccary’s stuff, and no comings in, all the little I had saved was gone ; and my daughter had just been half a mile off, at a neighbour’s, to borrow or beg a little matter of money,

and being very weak, and faint with hunger, and disappointed in mind too, at her want of success, fainted away, a little way off my cottage, where your worship's friend (and our friend) revived her—supported her home—and, after hearing our tale, suddenly put down upon the table, five guineas, slap!—We were quite frightened and stounded, never seeing so many golden guineas before, and all given to we!—and while we were preparing to fall on our knees to him, he opened the latch, and walked away. We run after him to thank him, but, being weak, could not make up to him; and so, sir! I have brought him his hat, and hope that you will tell him that we have grateful hearts,—will pray for him,—for he has comforted (as our parson says) the broken hearted, and bound up their wounds!—I hope, your honour, I haven't been tiresome?"

“Not at all, my poor old friend!—I must do something for you too,—for *I*

also must have my share of pleasure. How far can you walk in a day, Jenkins?"

"Oh, good sir! my lower limbs are stout and lusty—and I do think I could walk all the world over, to serve your honour!"

"Nay, Jenkins: then shoes would become an expensive matter. Let me see! the post-office is, I take it, a mile and a half from this Hall,—and in your way too; so that you have not more than half a mile out, and the same home, extra,—total, three miles a-day. You shall fetch my letters daily; and I shall give you a guinea per week, till something better can be done. Here, take this note—(writing to the post-master)—and go there to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and bring my letters to the Hall."

"Oh! dear, kind, good sir!—you are——" "Stop, Jenkins—or I shall run off too, as my friend did; now go,

my good man, down into the kitchen, regale yourself, (ringing for the butler,) and do this work punctually. In a few days, I will consider about your daughter and her children."

Thus was Mr. Sowerby spared what he disliked, viz. the expression of gratitude; and Mr. Manners, in aiding, enjoyed what none but the benevolent in heart have really the capability of appreciating at all. Diamonds, and gold, and *shawls*, may be hoarded up, and worms may get in, and prey upon the treasures of avarice,—but such shallow reckoners upon these, their gratifications, are the most abject of all fools; for the taint, when discovered, goes down to the latest posterity; besides, the canker-worm of envy, (worse than a million of moths!) preying too upon the wretch whilst living, and pining after more wealth, which, when got, is unenjoyed, undistributed. But high life (some will indignantly exclaim) are very charitable!—Yes, un-

questionably, in their own way. If a poor old woman takes a letter of recommendation from this countess to that marchioness, she may get a few shillings ; *but* if she has not this titled passport, her calls are in vain, however well authenticated by plebeians of respectability ; thus the poor wretch is banded about, like a shuttlecock between two noble battledores—until she falls !

During the morning, Lady Caloric and Mrs. Copeland found their way into the library, where was Mr. Sewell, as usual. The former lady, unfortunately, again fell in love with antiquities, and begged this young gentleman to find her out the volumes of Montfaucon, with which she was enraptured. “ Are you an F. A. S., Mr. Sewell ? ” — “ No, my Lady ! I have not that honour. ” — “ Well, I am surprised that every body are not antiquarians ; there is such ecstasy in viewing a deformed statue, a broken coin, a ruin-

ed temple, a Danish comb, or a Saxon tooth-pick, which, you know, was as large as a ten-penny nail, for the human size is much diminished. How picturesque St. Paul's cathedral would look, were it in ruins, and placed on Shooter's Hill ! Our fine arts are dwindling into the useful, I fear. *I* would make Mr. Vansittart build temples like the Elephanta, the Parthenon, the Balbec and Palmyrene structures, instead of increasing the size of our work-houses ; the pavements, too, of the Jews' synagogues should all be in *Mosaic*, out of compliment to their law-giver, for then it would be *apropos*. Hey, hey ! Mr. Sewell, what do you think of that ?”

“ Psha !” cried Mrs. Copeland, “ how can you, Lady Caloric ! give your mind to such matters, which belong to the other sex, rather than to ours ?”

“ Pardon me, madam !” cried Lady Caloric ; “ there you disparage your own

sex, in undervaluing its importance. I do maintain, that the present imperfect state of philosophical science, arises wholly from the proscription of our sex from those societies, which they would vivify by their inventive powers, their taste, and their perseverance. Read the histories of Rome and Greece!—therein you will find women figuring as queens and philosophers. Look to France!—*their* greatest reigns were absolutely conducted by the Pompadours and Maintenons;—aye, in that great nation, who have figured like the wits?—and who were those wits, but women?”

“ True, my Lady Caloric!” replied Mr. Sewell; “ but are you about to hold up for imitation a generation of courtezans, whose morals were of too degraded a cast for any encomium, excepting of those sceptic philosophers who abused their talents, misled themselves and others, through their own ungovernable



national vanity, which nothing could, can, or perhaps ever will curb? For my part, when I reflect on such men as Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and a score others, down to the modern Volney, and the late Grimm, I sigh over a nation so deficient in reflection, as to the only real practical purposes of life. Depend upon it, my lady! when a nation is governed by a parcel of meretricious and avaricious women,—and by weak kings who support them,—with this convenient philosophy to boot,—that sort of tyranny commences, which ends in a revolution.”

“ Well, Mr. Sewell !” replied Lady Caloric, “ you know more of these things than I do ;—but tell me ! don’t you think it would be more picturesque to bury people in barrows, like those on the Bath road, or like Primrose Hill, which is the only pretty tumulus we have near London ?”

Mrs. Copeland could not comprehend why Lady Caloric should be always projecting every thing that is so out of the way. She thought that, when she was a loser of three thousand pounds, by the shares she held in the finest bridge in the world, all speculation should end, till the nation can afford such romantic experiments.

“ Well, madam !” said Lady Caloric, “ you may call my inventions impracticable, if you please ; but the antique ! the antique ! should bear the palm ; and I have no doubt living old women, (as well as dead ones, in the shape of statues,) will soon be equally, or more admired than young ones, since the \*\*\*\*\* has set us the example,—for that is every thing in flesh, frailty, and fashion. My correspondence from New South Wales, informs me that the air there has a very important and striking effect on the old female offenders, for they recommence

having families ; and *there*, you know, Mr. Malthus's theory against a redundant population, does not apply with *any* force !”

“ Upon my word, Lady Caloric !” said Mrs. Copeland, “ you will make Mr. Sewell himself blush, who has been attending on you, to explain the vestiges of those old times you are so partial to.” The former lady apologized for her inattention, and, opening her pocket-book, begged him (Mr. Sewell) to accept a perpetual ticket to her museum and conversazione every *Sunday* evening. Mr. Sewell thanked her politely, threatening to investigate her museum some day, but added, “ though young, I am so unfashionable as not to break the Sabbath day ; and I truly must confess myself surprised that it is getting so very common in high life.”

“ Well, my young and learned puritan ! I will not debate this point with

you ; but, as the dinner-bell is ringing, I will accept your hand to the table, for I love cicisbeoship, ever since I experienced its delights in Italy."

Mrs. Copeland stared, sneered, and followed.

## CHAPTER IX.

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“ Quoth Gondola, the case is clear,  
 As they have prov’d it by their practice,  
 No argument like matter of fact is :  
 And we are best of all led to  
 Men’s principles, by what they do.” BUTLER.

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MR. MANNERS rallied Mr. Sowerby, at the dinner-table, on his avoiding the explanation required by the ladies on the morning when he lost his hat, and escaped in the carriage; and now assured them that he had a pretty tale to tell, for the very father of the young woman had been here after him, and that Mr. Sowerby chose to hide himself in the garden. Mr. Sowerby admitted this to be true. Lady Shuffle protested “ she thought as much,—nothing could have

been plainer,—but supposed that the churchwarden came along with the poor father of the distracted woman he had seduced, and perhaps deserted.” This put Mr. Manners, and the company, into convulsions of laughter; and Mr. Sowerby himself could not help joining, though looking sufficiently fierce at the censorious lady. Mr. Murray, the barrister, offered his services to Mr. S. if an action *should* ensue, either on the bastardy act, or against Lady Shuffle’s defamation. Mr. Fauconberg offered himself as bail. Mr. Caustic proposed to intercede with the injured, and perhaps, inexorable father; and more, as he was a governor of the Foundling Hospital, would get young Sowerby into Captain Coram’s *select* institution. But Mr. Fentum maintained that, “marriage being a vile monopoly,” as his friend Godwin says, and the institution of such a ceremony in the early ages very problematical, he would defend the ‘venial

trespass' of his friend, now sitting on the opposite side. The Persian, who was acquainted with the whole, enjoyed the scene, and Mr. Latrobe sympathised with the arraigned offender. Lady Caloric philosophically accounted for these and all other things; she said, that animal affinities might be as reasonably demonstrated as chemical ones; that the male gas—— “Curse your gas!” exclaimed Mr. Sowerby, who, with all his benevolence and philanthropy, had not been enabled to stand this raillery.— “Yes! in spite of Mr. Sowerby’s *faux pas*!” continued Lady Caloric: “nothing is more natural, when the atmosphere is at a certain standard. Now it sometimes happens, that man acts upon no standard at all, like the action of the needle at the north pole. In this case, doubtless, the recipient is as bad as the operator.”—“Yes!” replied Mr. Fentum, “like your emerald green experiments—blown up, as poor Mr. Sowerby

now is." Lady Caloric, however, still trying to find out a cause for every effect, soon lost herself in the labyrinth of an hypothesis upon Population; and then, by an odd association of ideas, asked Mr. Sowerby "how many children he had by the unfortunate cottager's daughter?—*if* they were boys or girls, as she had some philosophical experiments to make on young children, which could be better ascertained, in point of effect, than on rabbits, and she had been long looking out for subjects?"—"Madam!" cried Mr. Sowerby, "if your morality is not superior to your philosophy, it is high time you should look at home, instead of experimenting on the feelings and conduct of others."

Mr. Sewell, however, recommended Lady Caloric to publish her outlines of the philosophy of the human mind, for the benefit of her contemporaries and posterity. Whatever is published by a Lady, he affirmed, is sure to be purchased



and read by lords ; and there are enough of them mentioned in Debrett's thick volumes to carry off first, second, and third editions ; a friend of his had a royal and noble corner in his library, where all the titled genius and talent were elegantly bound in morocco, indeed, though calf-skin would have done in some instances. But as her ladyship's theories were so extensive and ramified, he should like to see these scantlings of inventions, like the Marquis of Worcester's, put into foolscap, if she would thus favour the world.

Lady Caloric smiled, and said she had some thoughts of publishing a supplement to the Philosophical Transactions, in five or six volumes, quarto.

In the mean time, the expedition of that valorous knight of the lacerated soul, Lord Gondola, with his faithful esquire, or valet, called Paulo, went on towards the dwelling-house, mansion, hall, grange, lodge, or whatever it was called, con-

stituting the residence of Ephraim Capper. The servant had mounted his horse, with a pair of saddle-bags behind him, containing all the *materiel* necessary for two days endurance, a double bottle of laudanum, paper, pens, ink, and the wax candles before mentioned. The weather was clear and delightful for a winter's day, which, however, had a retrograde effect on his lordship's spirits; one of King Lear's storms overtaking him on the heath, would have cheered, consoled him. The awful majesty of nature, breaking forth in eruptions of volcanoes, cataracts, rocks cleft by lightning, with its attendant thunder,—the whistling and howlings of the angry winds at sea, and the noise of the dashing waves, all conspired to soothe and lull *his* soul, only to be subdued by the terrific, and always scared at the calm, unsophisticated face of nature. During the short journey from the Hall to the Quaker's, there were no brooks to be

forded, no water-spouts came down, no shrieks of murder were heard from the adjoining monotonously peaceful cottagers,—no banditti appeared, with their red and black dresses, and masks,—no dead bodies of unfortunate young women, who died for love, floated down the river,—no children run over in the road,—no hawk tearing to pieces the small and innocent robin,—ah, no ! there was nothing in the way of excitement ; the oxen and sheep were at their pastures—the labourers at their work—and the scene of quiet represented, though in winter, what may be conceived, by other minds, to approach the millenium. But it was not so to Lord Gondola : stillness—and by day-light too ! was insufferable ; but at midnight, while penning the dark deeds of the worst of the species, its gloomy stillness added to the scene of delight which such an imagination only could enjoy in all its fullness. His anticipation too of the Quaker's dull

taciturn uniformity, and his starched family, all primmed and puckered up, nearly made him resolve to return. He already foresaw the male Vandals, wearing their hats,—perhaps going to bed in them, for what he knew (as Lewis XIV. did with his royal wig) and the silent waitings for the spirit among the females. With such feelings did he perform his pilgrimage to his friend Ephraim's. But as matters are in reality very rarely as bad as nervous and irritable minds forecast, so, in the first instance, Lord Gondola was pleased to see, on the top of the hill, overlooking the valley, Mr. Capper's house, grounds, plantations, fields, &c. to be in perfect taste, and truly elegant. On arriving at the park gate, it was opened by an old woman, in genuine drab, with a "What is thy will, friend?"—"My will and pleasure is to see your master, Ephraim Capper, if such an inhabitant dwelleth within these goodly walls."—When, lo! the good old man had already

advanced to welcome him. “ Friend Gondola ! it is our system not to profess too much. However, my spirit is rejoiced to see thee so punctual to thy word ; alight, therefore, from thy beast ; and we bid thee welcome to these blessings, which a kind Providence has entrusted us with, not for our sole use and enjoyment, but to go good with to others who are poor and friendless. But thou shalt both see and hear. Walk in !—and, if you art not too fatigued, thou shalt see my grounds—for we have still half an hour until dinner. My wife Ellen, and my three eldest daughters, are abroad, but will return in time.”

Lord Gondola expressed himself obligèd, but that he feared he should not have time to dress for breakfast. “ Dinner, thou meanest ! ”—“ Aye, your dinner and my *dejeuné* ! for poets write late, Mr. Capper ! and are sad risers in the morning.”—“ Well, but friend, why dress ?—thou appearest already very

showy in thy outward garments,—and thy boots are not soiled!”—“ Oh ! it is the fashion to dress before dinner ; and that part of it I keep to, though it is very troublesome. Oh ! I wish we were all Adamites, in that respect !”

The Quaker thought that such a fashion would be rather inconvenient, particularly at court, where the imaginary dignity of the walkables and talkables, the whisperers and the saunterers, becomes real, mostly by stars, garters, crosses, and clothes of scarlet and fine linen. He thought the tailors’ company no way obliged to his lordship for his wish, nor himself, as a farmer, for what would then become of his wool, &c. &c.?

“ Dear, sir, all is factitious !—artificial !—behold the naked Indian ! intrepid, bold, and enduring—defying the heat, the cold, and the blast. Man ! wretched man ! has conjured up a thousand unnecessary wants, and all the occupation of his life is to supply them ;

and when he achieves all, he dies, and the worms revel in the flesh already pampered up with luxuries, which swell his body to an unnatural size. Where was there ever a savage (who is the true child of nature), with such a protuberance as we often see (a few inches, perhaps, less than Lambert, who exhibited himself), and then requiring six or eight men to bear him to the grave, perhaps with the addition of lead, to weary the living still further? This compound of mortality, therefore, is a mass which all true philosophy should despise; we eat and drink more than is necessary, and therefore get more diseases than is necessary, and thus it is in vain to deny that a sick bed is very useful now and then."

But while Lord Gondola was philosophizing, and depreciating the very things he practised,—a very common affair,—the ladies appeared coming through the garden gate; and he perceived at once, by the beaming eyes of Ephraim Capper,

who they were. "There they are, friend!" he exclaimed: "I will take thee to them, and explain who thou art. Wife Ellen! thou art at last returned!—here is my friend, Gondola, who, in the way of the world, is called a Lord, and right honourable; though many that are so called, without disparagement to our guest, are neither right, nor honourable in their ways; he is come to sojourn with us for some days, at least I would fain hope so." Mrs. Capper held out her hand, and, with the most graceful kindness, welcomed him, as did the three girls, who breathed deeply: for it was an uncommon thing for any visitors to be there at all except of their own sect, and never yet a lord, particularly one whose works most of them had read. Mrs. Capper had, in early life, been a very lovely woman; her appearance was now staid and matronly, especially made so by her dress, which was appropriate, yet delicate. But it is scarcely possible



to describe their three daughters,—more beautiful, more pure, did they seem, than the fabled Houri, or the Virgins of the sun ; for if there is a dress which does in reality set off the attractive charms of female youth, it is that of the Friends. The imagination dwells more on its simplicity and neatness, than on the most expensively finished dressed-up figure at a waltz, opera, or even a levee. They appear with the true Miltonic figure, “ when unadorned, adorned the most.” Such is the effect of its plainness, that it gives an interest even to a face and figure no way remarkable ; but where beauty is, it is rendered still more attractive—by what?—why the auxiliary of neatness merely ; and thus the daughters of his friend Capper appeared to the noble lord, whose mind was ever governed and moved by the invisible wires of—contrast. Five hundred court beauties, with all their resplendencies of feathers and diamonds, would not have attracted a second gaze ;

he would have looked down upon the trumpery of their trappings, as the last remnants of the feudal arts to awe and enslave the vulgar. Lord Gondola said some very complimentary things to them and of the sect to which they belonged, and, offering his arm to Mrs. and Miss Capper, followed the father to the house. The mansion was very neatly, but not splendidly furnished ; every thing really useful was there, and great comfort pervaded the whole. Lord Gondola, in spite of his Adamite and Indian theory, retired to dress, and, in his room, he not only found a fire, but it was the best room in the house, overlooking the whole grounds. He felt, notwithstanding the inexplicable theories with which his mind was racked, a placidity on his very entrance into this mansion ; not that the uniformity, quiet, peace, and order that reigned within, were any way accordant with either his precepts or his practice, but—he had been selected from the rest

of the visitors at Gogmagog Hall ; the scene was also new ; the sect, though he secretly despised their notions, he yet admired politically, for their steady philanthropy towards the human race, and their uniform exertions against the slave-trade,—a trade which had put us upon a par, or made us rather worse than the brutal Spaniards, in their Mexican and Peruvian conquests, for the unfortunate Indians met death, but slavery is less tolerable ; still their pretensions of being guided by the spirit, to a man of his creed, was such a dogma, only worthy of his contempt, and he secretly deplored their weakness, while he admired their primitive simplicity and benevolence. These were the revolving thoughts of Lord Gondola while dressing ; and it happened to him as it does to millions who scrutinize the creed of others (while they having, unluckily, none of their own) do not look within. Every attentive observer of man, will discover him setting every one else

but himself to rights ; and this philanthropy has now become so universal, that the days, months, and years are scarcely long enough to achieve the melioration of the world, of which, in this instance, the self-satisfied lawgiver forms no part. He is aloof then ; he reigns and he rules with all imaginary dignity, viewing the pismires which are creeping and crawling up to the summit where he imaginarily but loftily stands, and nods his decrees. This self-importance, or, perhaps, want of self-knowledge, has been, however, very useful in its day,—and in *this* day, too. If libraries are examined, one half will be found consisting of Treatises to prove all others but the writer's own creed to be wrong ; then comes the sect attacked, who fire off their fulminations in folio, quarto, and infra.

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
 A trade of knowledge, as replete  
 As others are, with fraud and cheat ;  
 A cheat that scholars put upon  
 Other men's reason and their own ;

A Fort of error to insconce  
 Absurdity and ignorance ;  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To truth impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain things in debate  
 By art perplex'd and intricate;  
 As if rules were not, in the schools,  
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules ;  
 This Pagan, heathenish invention,  
 Is good for nothing but contention ;  
 For, as in sword and buckler fight,  
 All blows do on the target light,  
 So when men argue, the great'st part  
 O'th' contest falls on terms of art,  
 Until the fustian stuff be spent,  
 And then they fall to th' argument.

So that printers and paper-makers have  
 become, in reality, a very important  
 and wealthy class of the community, in  
 consequence of the numerous errors or  
 mistakes of mankind, and, if a millenium  
 should be at hand, the trade must ex-  
 claim,

Othello's occupation's gone !

What sort of a face, indeed, would lite-  
 rature wear, were her sons to pursue the

track of candour and openness? Honour would weep like Niobe mourning over her children, transfixed by the shafts of the offended Apollo. Half the columns of one newspaper is filled with its vituperation of another; the new Monthly Magazine vents its loyal bile at the old, in many a page; the Quarterly against its rival, the Edinburgh Review; and so on, *ad infinitum* when the dictatorial spirit of party thus rules and reigns; but all this, though wonderful, falls short of that gigantic stretch of theological controversy which writers for ages have indulged in, down to the present day; and the reams only that have been lately filled with type, as to whether the Bible should be distributed with or without a Prayer Book, would make *papier machée* snuff boxes for an hundred years to come, without inconveniencing those necessary tradespeople, the trunk-makers and pastry-cooks. Such, therefore, is the vanity of the human heart, as it appears *in print*; benevolently occupied in works

of supererogation, or making rich printers and stationers more rich, forgetting only one thing all this while, viz. *their own* character, conduct, and example. But of this enough : although Lord Gondola did the same, he was bent upon converting the Quaker, and the Quaker him. But what was Gondola's creed?—That is a difficult question : if it was a Christian one, it was only an outward and visible sign, for he had discarded it—as he generally did his neckcloth, looking more picturesque without it. As to the Quaker's creed, it was, at any rate, displayed in good works ; and such effects argue a cause *not* radically bad.

However, no dinner-bell rang there, but he was summoned to their repast, which was plain and substantial ; the company he found there were only the Quaker's family ; beside the three eldest daughters already seen, four more younger children presented themselves, whose countenances displayed all the rosy tint

of Aurora in early morning. The bold simplicity of all these children of his friend, was the least obtrusive that Lord Gondola had ever witnessed ; the truth was, he rarely visited any family where the younger child, or children, were made pets of, or that he suspected was the case, as is too commonly so ; he had, and so have others, by a stretch of politeness to children six feet high, been put to the excruciating torture of hearing children of half that altitude, recite passages from Hamlet,—as “Toby, or not Toby !”—Nothing, however, of this sort, disturbed him at the table of Mr. Capper ; there was a modest and agreeable bluntness in all they said,—so new, so unsophisticated, that he was surprised as well as pleased. The plain garb too, of the young fry, was curiously contrasted with the half jockey, or half regimental dress of the present lisping generation, who are sometimes seen habited like French dancing dogs to the pipe and tabor.



## CHAPTER X.

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“ Mine is a gleam of bliss too hot to last,  
 Wat’ry it shines, and will be soon o’ercast.”

DRYDEN.

“ By and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the characters of my sad brows.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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MR. CAPPER had perceived Lord Gondola scrutinizing his children. To the conscious heart of a father, whose sole occupation was to implant into their minds the principles of honour and virtue, and knowing that he had done so, judging by the effects,—this was a matter of exultation. Lord Gondola complimented the old couple upon the ap-

pearance and behaviour of the little ones, who are mostly very troublesome to strangers, and thence were consequently put to their shifts how to be as deceitful as possible, 'in not appearing sensible of it.

“ Why, friend! thou canst hardly imagine,—thou, who livest in the gay world, how difficult I find it to make the seventeen hours out of the twenty-four long enough, to perform properly the weighty occupations I have to overcome. Although we all rise at five o'clock, and retire at ten, what with the education of our children, (which is all done at home), the necessary overlooking of our farms, our visiting the poorer cottagers, whose wants, perhaps, (for we always take that for granted,) cannot brook delay, we are more busy than thou wouldst believe. But thou shalt see how a quaker's day is employed. Do not my children's complexions look as if painted by the finger of nature? They are brought up more

hardy than the Greeks ; the ethereal sky is their principal canopy : for, like the French, as thou knowest they do, my family live mostly in the open air ; and, though I do not require my girls to turn Amazons, nor my boys Indians, the effects I wanted and have achieved, are, to keep doctors out of the house, and health within. Now, my system has answered so well, friend ! that my children can sleep sound upon the hardest beds, and be satisfied in their meals, without those luxuries which pamper up other young people of decent property, who then get squeamish and hippish. Not so with these children ; wine being unnecessary for them, they never partake of it,—but the fruit of a garden (I am proud of), and which their own hands cultivate, I promote their eating. Now the result of all this is, friend Gondola ! that were hunting of the innocent hare (a barbarous and unmanly sport !) allowable by our sect, or the laws of hu-

manity, my sons, or my daughters either, would outstrip the dogs in fleetness and breath; and yet, we have our gymnastics,—for, in the winter, there is a large room, 150 feet long, but covered only with thatch, where are all possible incentives to amusement too. Exercise and temperance, (which latter virtue though includes *early hours*), therefore, so clearly lead to health, that I think, friend! were the great to know any thing about them, they would change their system.”

“Never!” replied Lord Gondola: “unless, perhaps, the middle and lower classes were somehow enabled to turn night into day, gamble, be insincere and unmeaning, and be as satisfied with nothings as they are. No, Mr. Capper! it is the *exclusive* system, which their wealth and title alone render them capable of supporting, that has its charms. They are content to shorten their lives by ten or a dozen years, and, while they

live, to look like walking skeletons; but they never will be content to adopt what is natural. I myself have imbibed some of this influential infection; it pervades all within the radius of a court, and, though I despise it, still continue to be civil to titled fools, noble dunces, rakes at sixty, violators of all the received rules of morals, which even heathen philosophers have laid down; I drink with them more than is necessary, and the day is sacrificed for the night. But let us leave this topic; and now, Mrs. Capper, I shall be happy to take wine with you!" —"No, friend Gondola! I know thou wilt excuse me, for I do not take it; nor do *we* toast healths, as is thy practice." "Well, madam! I hope you and your family will live long, and happily."—Now, the three Miss Cappers were great readers, and much wished that their new and noble guest's conversation would take a literary turn; but they were not then to be gratified to the full extent of

their wishes ;—however, his lordship asked the eldest if she read, and what ? “ Yea, friend Gondola, much ;—history, philosophy, poetry, and the friends’ books ; our kind parents have indulged us with a very large library,—and, trust me, we make good use of it.” —“ But which kind of reading, Miss Capper, are you most partial too,—novels and romances, perhaps ?” —“ For shame, friend ! thou must have a contemptuous idea of us country girls, to imagine that we should delight in such unimaginable nonsense as ghosts, haunted towers, blue lights, and sentimental lovers, who forget there is such a thing as—common sense. No, friend ! there are no such books read among our sect, or at any rate allowed, and I hope never will ; for where any thing is developed that never did and never will take place, then such reading is hurtful, and valuable time is wasted ; which *we* cannot afford, as our parents know.”

The second daughter, Mary Capper, was here observed to blush exceedingly, for the servant had just announced William Fry as alighting from his horse and coming in. This young female Quaker was a true child of nature; her lover had been announced, and her cheeks instantly became crimsoned;— Lord Gondola, mixing as he had with those who had long ceased to blush, saw it with astonishment, and felt, with surprise, *that* virtuous sort of sympathy, long estranged from his breast: he saw her embarrassment, read the whole story before the young friend arrived, and indeed wished to relieve her from that amiable, but most enviable confusion,—for, where guilt or art *is*, such is never felt or displayed. Mr. Capper addressed Lord Gondola apart, who had looked to him for an introductory history of his visitor,—“ This is a young man of great probity, who is about to sojourn here for two days, and he is most welcome to my

house, — for his actions in my mind, friend Gondola! confer more honour upon him, than most that we read of in history. He is but twenty-three—but he has, in his short period, done good to many hundreds; his father died about two years ago, and left him a handsome fortune, which he employs in the noblest manner, for he imitates his divine master, going about doing good. You will perceive he is a man of good understanding, and what is very useful in worldly matters,—of good address, or, as thy poetry would have it, persuasion hangs upon his lips. Upon all occasions, where commercial differences arise between our friends, they have recourse to him, and he arbitrates so justly, that he may be said to prevent law suits wherever he goes;—but this is not all;—he visits the poor and needy, distributes food and clothing, penetrates into cells and dungeons,—where misery is, *there is* William Fry! The blasphemer has left his oaths,



the drunkard his liquor, the adulterer his pollution, and all have quitted their idleness ;—and thou wilt ask, How does he all this ? Why, friend Gondola ! he has funded his large property, and regularly spends the whole of the interest of it, excepting 100*l.* a year he allows himself, and no more.”

Here Lord Gondola looked at Mary Capper, who had been watching her father’s whispered communication, and, on encountering his lordship’s gaze, was under the necessity of hiding that countenance, where innocence and peace shone in legible characters. Mr. Fry entered without a bow, but kissed the female part of the family. Lord Gondola got up, and heartily shook him by the hand. Mary Capper was the first to feel that her William was in the room, and the last to notice him : a tear of heavenly satisfaction however was gathering in the eye of her father, as he surveyed them both, now sitting beside each

other. Lord Gondola proposed wine to him after his ride ; “ No, much esteemed friend ! I thank thee for thy considerate attention, but toast and water is what I take, though at first it cost me some trouble to adopt it ; but I have surmounted the drinking of wine and all fermented liquors.”

“ But why so, Mr. Fry ? The Patriarchs themselves indulged ; and where it hurts no one, it is a chearful auxiliary to the spirits.”

“ True—but it is still unnecessary, because expensive ;—this may sound meanly to thy ideas, but thou wilt excuse me, my income is small, and I find grapes and other fruit, which are here in abundance, equally refreshing.”

Mr. Fry, though not precisely the hero of this tale, would have been made the hero of any other, if the propensities of some writers as to manly and personal beauty were taken into account. Though accoutred in the plain uncollared coat,

with worsted stockings, and small buckles in his shoes, he would have looked an officer of hussars to admiration, and probably have walked Bond-Street with considerable effect ; his stature six feet, dark hair, and full eyes, though benevolently expressive ; yet still there was the look of thought and study to be traced, as if it had become habitual, by his energies being called forth ; yet he would play with children, run races with the elder ones, leap and frolic as if he possessed but very few ideas, and even those he did, not know how to make use of. William Fry, however, was none of nature's journeymen ; he filled a very effective post in society—and what he did, he did secretly ; his noble mind revolted at the trumpettings in the market places and in the prints, of duties performed, though here *par complaisance*, dignified by the names of charity or benevolence ; he felt “ *that* within which passeth outward shew ;” his slumbers

were unbroken—he ate like a farmer who had been toiling all the day, and he attained that serenity of mind, or total negation to the bad passions, which some have encumbered with the name of philosophy, a word unquestionably more perverted in this day than any other of the 37,000 found in Doctor Johnson's Dictionary. Lord Gondola, however, was rather disappointed to find his friend Fry rather deficient in, what is called, modern literary knowledge,—we mean the customary small talk of the day, whether poetical or prosaic. He (Fry) did not know one syllable about Mr. Croker's politics, Mr. Gifford's taste, Mr. Canning's wit, Mr. Southey's versatility of powers in literature, or in opinion about courtly matters; he did not know who was the favourite poet of the day with the lisping fashionables, or that Scott had succeeded Southey, and Lord Byron, Scott, or who might be the next in expectancy;—he did not know

who wrote in the Examiner, or who puffed in the Literary Gazette, (indeed, he never read Sunday papers,) and, until his Mary informed him, did he know or recognize the striking countenance of Lord Gondola—but when he did, he became for a few moments silent and abstracted. Notwithstanding the deficiency of this chief, or *summum bonum* knowledge, for such it must be in this day, when thousands live and feed on it, and know no more, finding that quite enough for their meridian,—Mr. Fry had received a good education, and was well read both in history and in the classic poetry of our most eminent authors;—in fine, he was unpretending, unaffected, and afforded a most singular contrast to the young men of the day, who take the most incredible pains to shew off *all* that they do know, and in so doing, very often let the cat out of the bag, by displaying their ignorance,—for modesty, that old fashioned virtue, has been alto-

gether ousted by the more successful ASSURANCE, which has reared her crest, and established her throne in the west, and with its matchless effrontery,—has even dignified it with the name of GOOD BREEDING ! Póor Fry, therefore, after this *exposé*, would in a fashionable assembly, have cut a very ridiculous figure, somewhat like John Bunyan in Bartholomew Fair ; but, as he had no ambition of so shining, the loss, great as it was, of not sharing in the ecstasies of a midnight rout, was unfelt;—such was William Fry.

And now dinner ended, and their silent thanks returned, a magnificent dessert of fruit, *there* so common, was placed upon the table, and most of the younger Capers retired.

Lord Gondola felt himself entranced ; he had ruminated on this unsophisticated scene, where he saw, or fancied he saw, Human Nature as she should be,—not what *he* had seen her—not what he had

*described* her; he reflected, that in a civilized country, through such example, innocence, and peace, and joy, may be met with, unalloyed by the grosser sensualities, that constitute, what is falsely named, pleasure. He here perceived that tranquillity had fixed her seat,—he heard no slanderer's whisper nor hint,—saw no malicious shrug or wink when a *dear friend* was named.

There is a lust in man, no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame ;  
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born—and die.

The discord arising from political discussion here annoyed him not ; and then, his ideas would pace with the speed of lightning from poet to poet, where the pastoral and Arcadian scenes were described with the finest imagery, and he found them all fall short, in his actual observation of this family. The fretful desire, too, of eclipsing one another in

mixed companies, which often, however well intentioned, induce an implied sarcasm upon the debating party, was here a stranger,—but then it is true, here were none of the nobler flights of science and philosophy launched forth for the improvement of the hearer,—granted !—but who wants philosophy for breakfast, dinner, and supper ? Lord Gondola did not ; and *if*, as Mr. Hazlett says, there is poetry in fear, hope, joy, and love ; so there was as much philosophy to be met with in this family as in the halls and lecture rooms,—and to a close observer, perhaps more. However, the scene, with all its uniformity and quietude, was *new* to his lordship, and the very newness was a something to his feelings he would not then exchange for the turpitude he was so fond of describing, and which perhaps does shew off better in poetry than the still life of virtue, resembling more the calmness of the transparent lake than the boisterous



and roaring ocean.—Taciturnity is not upon all occasions insulting to the company, nor is it an emblem of ignorance,—though in both points it is so set down by the shallow inhabitants of Noddle-dom. Perhaps, pursuing the same reflection, it may be indecorous too to think in company,—and really many act as if they did not trouble themselves that way, either in or out of society;—however, certain it was, that Lord Gondola was pensive and abstracted,—and until Mr. Capper roused him to take wine, (which he was not, though a Quaker, so prim as to withhold to himself or friends,) that he perceived Mrs. Capper retiring with her children and Mr. Fry. His lordship got up, and apologized for his question, Where they were walking? as he should soon follow them; they pointed to the glazed folding doors opening on the lawn.

“ Friend !” said Ephraim Capper, “ thou and I must have some talk—for

thou hast been ruminating ; not chewing the cud, I would fain hope, of dissatisfaction, at my plain and homely way of entertaining thee ; we are moderate people,—but thou art a lord, and perhaps the difference of scene is unsuitable to thy modes. Tell me if thou art contented ?”

“ Mr. Capper !” suddenly exclaimed his lordship, “ resolve me this question : are you really the happy man you seem, or is this scene of tranquillity—Elysium, I should say—put on for the day ?—Pardon me ! I would not dare to tax *you* with dissimulation,—but, is—is there nothing rankling, corroding, here ?” laying his hand on his heart.

“ Nothing, friend Gondola !” surprised at the question.—“ I am not in debt,—I am even wealthy ; my wife and I have but one soul, and that is employed in anticipating each other’s wishes ; my children are healthy and affectionate ; and, as I humbly and reverently do my

duty to God, and live in charity with man, why should I feel any thing rankling within my breast? Envy, I am incapable of,—and resentment and revenge are beneath my notice!”

“Stop! stop! Mr. Capper! you distract me!—*you* enjoy a peace *I* never knew—I never can know. I am bound to believe every word you say, and I congratulate you!” sighing.

“Upon what! upon that which is within every man’s reach?” getting up, and laying the Family Bible before him: “there, friend!—there is the secret!—there is the pith and marrow of what seems to you a mystery!—Search its pages, with a humble and proper spirit, and thou also wilt find that “peace of mind which the world cannot give!”

Lord Gondola was struck and confounded at the manner of Mr. Capper; he had laid before him a book which was *not* the one he had been in the habit of perusing. He did, indeed, know its

matter, which was useful to him only to sneer at in his writings; but he never felt, or desired to feel its realities, nor relished any of its sublime (because *restraining*) doctrines. He expressed himself obliged to Mr. Capper for his good intentions, but that would not heal his wounds; it had been often pointed out to him before; and he would not offend Mr. Capper's creed, by expatiating on its inconsistency, and ——

“ Stop, Gondola! I would do thee good, or be the humble means of it, but I must not hear thee revile my only hope, my best comfort, and sit still beside thee, for fear the judgments of God should overtake me. But I will pray for thee, that thy heart may be changed; for, verily, friend! it is a sad thing to live here in torment, as thou seemest to do! but it is sadder still to dare that of futurity!—But I have now put the Holy Scriptures away—and now tell me, friend! what comfort, or peace, canst

thou possibly expect to find below, in this terrestrial and probationary scene, who hast already tried every luxury and gratification, which, being within thy reach, thou hast successfully grasped, and found all to be phantoms, each a *vox et pretereū nihil*? Thy very poetical fame, the most laudable and innocent of all thy pursuits,—if that will not alone produce felicity, what will? The *vanity* and *egotism* of thy associates and partisans, who ape to be disciples of Hobbes and Bolingbroke, are seen through by the most simple; they are but the frothy ebullitions of a desire *to be noticed*, and appear *wiser* in their day and generation than the children of light. But this aim at eccentricity is beneath *thee*—and so thou wilt find, when disease awaits thee; but affliction alone should not awaken an understanding like thine!—For shame, Gondola!—thou wouldst fain believe that I deceive myself,—am enthusiastic, fanatical, and, wrapping myself

up in the mantle of my creed, procure to myself an artificial peace of mind. But it is not so, friend !—behold the order of my family ; my principles I would shew in my good works : not that I should boast of *them*, but, in my humble way, I do what I can ; and thou shalt see *some* of those attempts, for, verily, I am not ashamed of the gospel, which is the rule and guide of my faith and works. I perceive thou hast been much surprised at the openness and innocence appearing in my grown-up children,—but why ?—remember ! they have not been (nor ever shall be) contaminated with the vices of large cities, nor by association with the great ones dwelling therein ; nor shall they by the philosophy which thou hast espoused, if I can help it—for they would make a poor exchange !—and remember also, that their time is so filled up with exercise, and acts of duty, that their minds have not the incentives, or even the opportunity, to become cor-

rupt, as is too commonly the case with fine ladies. My good friend! think on these things; nor let the flimsy comparisons of *our* relative quantum of happiness suffer you to delay your own, for it is within thy grasp; abate thy unquenchable thirst for an imaginary but unsatisfactory eminence, by drinking at the only pure spring,—which can and will be found the more refreshing, the more it is partaken of. Then wilt thou look down, not arrogantly, indeed, upon thy fellow men, but upon the vanities and toys of this preparatory scene, and, doing good, be really happy.”

Lord Gondola was polite enough to hear Mr. Capper *out*, and then proposed joining the ladies, who were walking in the garden. But he added, “Friend Capper!—which I shall now call thee, for *I have* charity to see through thy good intentions,—almost, indeed, thou persuadest me to be a Christian; but, before I begin, *I have* much to undo,—”

“Then delay it not!” replied the Quaker.

Mr. Capper now shewed Lord Gondola all his *materiel* of pleasure, viz. amusement and occupation united. The farm was in the highest order, the cattle were grazing in abundant meadows, and the founder of half a village was met by a “How dost thee, friend Capper?”—His garden was well tilled, and neat; and, on Lord Gondola observing its large size, was informed, that he gave vegetables to hundreds who could not afford to buy them; the fact was, Mr. Fellenberg’s Swiss institution had been his model, for Mr. Capper had both workshops and schools, so that no one *could* be idle. During their walk, they somehow got detached from the ladies, and met Mr. Fry and Mary Capper going onward with a basket; his lordship expressing surprise that Mr. Capper’s daughter should be so incumbered, was informed of its contents,—a fowl, a bottle



of wine, and some bark, for an old invalid, a pensioner of his daughter's :—  
 “ For my girls make it a rule to visit the sick, without becoming miseracordia nuns ; and administering to their wants, not by deputy, but in person.” Lord Gondola begged Mr. Capper to accompany them to the village, but *that* the Quaker declined until to-morrow :—  
 “ As (looking archly) William Fry and Mary Capper are not often together.” Lord Gondola apologized for this his seeming inattention, “ for it had been so long since he had witnessed any thing natural, that he was quite out of his element.”—“ No, friend ! rather *in*, I should hope ; for hypocrisy and art are, though the certain ones, bad effects of civilization.” “ True ! (sighing)—there is too much of it in this world ; it is all a mass of deceit !” “ Nay, but friend ! let us take it as it is, and try to mend those whose morals are out of the elbows.”  
 “ That is a hopeless, and therefore a use-

less task," said his lordship ; " the world has been always wicked, and will remain so, while your own doctrine of original sin is admitted, and continues in force, Mr. Capper!—it cannot be otherwise." " Nay, friend ! thou mayst as well say that all laws are useless, in hanging and transporting rogues and thieves, since there will be always such ; the precepts of the gospel counteract (if they are observed) the natural man, (and it is in vain for thee to deny man's innate depravity, so self-evident), and act in the same restraining way that the laws of England do upon aggressors." Mrs. Capper here joined them, and intimated tea would be ready by the time they returned with her. Lord Gondola complimented her walking so well : " Oh, friend ! temperance and good hours accomplish wonders, and give a green old age." And that, indeed, she displayed, for a fine complexion tinged her cheeks, though, to tell all, she *had* lost a tooth !

which she could not, or did not think herself fashionable enough to have replaced at the expense of some five or ten guineas. The old lady was very cheerful and chatty—asked how he liked her daughters—hoped they would marry good husbands, whose lives were conformable to those rules which *ought* to bind those who enter into so serious an engagement. She added, she heard sad accounts of what went forward in high life:—husbands and wives parting, with as much facility and mutual pleasure as they at first came together, and perhaps more; and then very innocently asked, how they looked when they met each other afterwards?—whether they were not read out of society, as those were who did wrong amongst their sect?—Lord Gondola explained the nature of a *faux pas*, from beginning to end, with such indescribable humour and gravity, that Mr. and Mrs. Capper laughed heartily; they begged him to give them, re-

cluses as they were, an insight into the general system of the fashionable world, of which he formed a part—of their routs and dances, and such vanities ; all which he did, to the great amusement of the old couple, who were content at a distance, to hear of this fierce collision of folly and vice, each alternately edging the other from the front to the rear, but both of them keeping possession of the stage !

## CHAPTER XI.

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The Elephant is never won with anger :  
Nor must that man, who would reclaim a Lion,  
Take him by the teeth.  
Our honest actions, and the truth, that breaks  
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,  
Is that which prolls a prince-back : then he sees,  
And not till then truly repents his errors.

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THE parties now reached the mansion, and partook of the tea-table refreshments, which were set in the library, a most elegant room, where the finest drawings, and even oil paintings, done by the eldest daughter, were framed. Lord Gondola was surprised to find no musical instrument in the house: but he was let to understand—they were proscribed by their sect. “After all,” said Ellen Cap-

per, the younger, “ though far be it from me to depreciate that which has been the delight of the wisest of both sexes, yet, where is the loss to us?—we are informed that, to be a proficient, some hours of each day must be passed in practice, and that appears to me too great a sacrifice from more important studies, as well as avocations ; my pursuits have, therefore, been transferred to drawing and to botany.”

Imagine a very lovely, well formed young woman, handing to a gentleman her hortus siccus, as well as her numerous botanical drawings, from the life ; and this with that modest assurance and unembarrassed air which nothing but conscious innocence and purity could impart ; the freedom of the action, her fine shape, the acuteness and sensibility of her remarks,—none were lost upon the noble lord ; immersed in books and science, he was “ at home,”—the chord of attraction was struck, and he was upon

the point of falling in love, but friend Fry and sister Capper happened then to come in. They detailed the success of their mission, with such delight as if their act had been a rare one—but it was not so. Tea and coffee were soon dismissed, and the table was spread over with this book and that, which the girls, one after the other, brought for his lordship's opinion. The three graces seemed to hover and wanton round him, and the libertine (but none, none but a libertine) would have imagined they were aspiring after his heart, or rather his hand,—for an entire union of both, where convenience only forms a part of the contract, is uncommon, except in low life. ~~They~~ They laughed, they rallied Lord Gondola upon some of his opinions, which became elicited as one subject dropped in upon another, till at length the familiarity of brother and sister took place, and all the stiffness of reserve, arising as strangers, difference of sex, or sect, disappeared.

Then, indeed, did the hours slip away ; Paulo, his servant, was not wanted ; his lordship never even yawned ; cards were quite forgot, and had he remembered them, he would have been disappointed at the Quaker's ;—but, no ! he was perfectly happy. Some of the other Cappers were brought in : Lord Gondola discussed poetry with all the children, making extempore verses. Mr. Fry joined agreeably in the conversation, and all went on without *ennui* : indeed that monster, the plague and curse of the nothing-to-do people, had never been heard of at the Quaker's. Mr. Capper then informed his new visitor that it had been a practice in his family, before they supped, for those that liked, to adopt such exercises in the long room before mentioned, which he had expressly built up for winter recreation, and that it was now well lighted, if they chose to make use of it ; and which they all seemed very disposed to do, but looked to Lord



Gondola, fearing he was above these adult or infantine gymnastics; but he not only acceded, but did so with glee. Here were leaping-bars, and railed in circles for a race; a high dead wall on one side, for fives, or racquet; and a great variety of incentive implements for healthy amusement. Arrived there, Miss Capper challenged his lordship to a race, on which, he threw down his glove of defiance; they awaited the signal,—they started,—it was well contested; but whether Lord Gondola, being a man of gallantry, *let* the lady win, or whether he, not being used to such amusements, it is quite certain, however, that she gained the victory in this nocturnal Olympian game; but, surely, the best part of the game was the merriment it caused. Lord Gondola, when neck and neck, as sportsmen have it, laughed so uncommonly at the oddness and (if he had been seen) the ridiculousness of the scene, that he lost ground, and the glory

of the race, in consequence ; but he offered to bet a hundred upon the next. “ Nay, friend ! ” replied Ellen, “ thou art out of breath, and will not be prepared this ten minutes to renew the race ; and as for betting, friend ! we are forbidden all such unlawful ways, which savour of gaming.” Lord Gondola begged Miss Capper’s pardon, sat down, and then saw a race of three,—Mr. Fry and the two next daughters,—which match produced the utmost glee ; and the old couple stood and viewed the scene with unmingled joy. What is all this ? thought Lord Gondola ; are these the beings with the forms of graces, and minds so highly embellished, that would adorn any society ?—thus entombed too, as it were, in the country, and now pleased with the childishness of athletic sports, that are disdained, by the refined part of the sex, as derogating from their delicacy !—and yet that same sex does not feel its refinement wounded at the

dances of the opera, theatre, or in their own waltzes!—and these three young women are modestly dressed too; no indecent exposure of their necks! He then felt as Sterne did, when he saw, or thought he saw, religion mixing in the dance of the French peasantry: his spirits were afloat—he did a thousand silly things, and gloried in them. Again he run a race with the three Miss Cappers, and again he lost,—was rallied, laughed at, and, for the first time in his life, willingly joined in the laugh at his own expense! The ropes were cleared away, and other games succeeded, in which all joined with avidity, until his lordship, with the perspiration on his face, sat down, as fatigued as if he had been the stag itself he had often hunted. The ladies' cloaks were brought them, lest they should get cold; and they, with Lord Gondola at their heels, ran off, trying who should gain the house first. Shortly afterwards they adjourned, when

the parties had all recovered their breath, to the supper-room, and each found the happy result of that exercise which habit had made pleasant and useful. "Friend!" said Mr. Capper, "I perceive and congratulate thee upon thy appetite, and the colour in thy cheeks!—I fear my young laughing Amazons, there, have wearied thee; but thou wilt sleep well." Lord Gondola was now become the most chearful, entertaining creature in the world; protested he never was yet out-done in any thing—in poetry, philosophy, or travelling. He would be amply revenged on those nymphs who had laid a train to ruin his reputation for superiority; vowed he would try again to-morrow morning, about ten—if he could rise so early. Mrs. Capper observed that, by that time, her daughters would be far in the village, making their usual calls, and much of their morning business over.

Miss Ellen remarked, that, if she dared to recommend any thing, it would be for friend Gondola to rise at five o'clock !

“ Why it is not light, Miss Ellen !” replied his lordship.

“ Thou dost not hesitate about light and dark among thy fashionable friends, then why here ?” replied Miss Capper : “ we will have another race before six ! Do, friend ! rise when we do—and we will shew thee how hard we work.”

Lord Gondola inwardly thought he should be worked to death ; he already felt his limbs as if half dislocated ; and the horrors of going to bed early, and not finishing Muley Abdallah, and then rising at five, all assailed him. But the three angels prevailed ; there was no wrestling with them ; and he promised to do all he could.

The bell was rung for Paulo.

“ Friend Paulo !” said Mr. Capper, “ come hither !—thou art to know, that

thy master is about to turn over a new leaf,—to retire to bed at ten o'clock, and ——”

Here Paulo winked at Lord Gondola, as much as to allude to the wax candles.

“What art thou cocking thine eye for, friend?—it is true; and thy master will rise with us in the morning, at five.”

Paulo, who had hitherto commanded himself, at the word *five*, now burst out into laughter, and being severely reprimanded by his master, exclaimed,

“Eh oui, my lord, mais certainement il est impossible!—Monsieur Capper! I do beg pardon for de laugh, but my lord cannot, if de whole world vas on fire, take his bonnet de nuit off before noon,—and den de wax candles, my lor——”

Lord Gondola told him to be gone, and do as he was bid; and take care to be up himself.

“Vel, vel! but I vil stay up then all night, vid de wax candles, for I cannot be certain of vaking myself in de middle

of de night, as ve have been used to,” and departed muttering.

Ellen Capper asked Lord Gondola what his servant meant about his wax candles.

“ My dear Miss ! you shall hear the whole. Little anticipating your inclosed field, or barn sports, and the greater pleasures of your excellent and lively company, but expecting to be *ennuyé* to death, I had adopted the precaution of a double dose of laudanum.”

“ Laudanum !” they all ejaculated with one accord.

“ Yes, and some wax candles,—for it has ever been my rule to write by midnight.”

“ Shall thee drink laudanum then to-night?”

“ Why, I hope not ;—if ever I enjoyed a bed it will be this night, for I have lost—or found the use of my limbs.”

The ladies all joined in deprecating

late hours—said they would insure him sleep, and would take special care he should be called in the morning—but could not conceive what laudanum was for?

It was now half-past nine, and honest Ephraim then said—“ Friend Gondola ! I do not know whether thou doest at Rome as Rome doth, but it is our practice to have family reading and expounding of the scriptures at the close of each day, to thank the Creator silently, without set forms of prayer, for his mercies ; and all the household attend ; and if thou wilt too, it will oblige me, thy friend,—but if not, though we shall regret it, thy servant shall be called to light thee to thy chamber.”

Lord G. felt embarrassed ; but perceiving the eyes of the young ladies all upon him with an evident expression therein of hope, of entreaty, he instantly acquiesced. Mr. Capper was a conscientious and pious man ; and though



no *professed* speaker at the meetings, had a fluency of language, and an affectionate breathing therein, which could not but melt and soften the most indifferent heart; he had not forgot, in his silent orisons, the inmate whose sentiments he deplored; and when all was finished, Lord G.'s surprise was great to find Miss Capper wiping her eyes, which were made red by her endeavours to conceal tears. He felt affected and embarrassed: but, as they now advanced to take leave of him for the night, with a pleasant threat of his morning's disturbance, all retired to rest, and silence and darkness reigned over Fairthorne House. Lord G. had found a fire in his chamber, and the usual apparatus for study,—but he put out his candle, put the wire-guard on the stove, and went, for the first time since childhood, to bed at a reasonable hour—and slept—without opium.

In the meantime, Paulo went to bed too; but though the wax candles did not

glare as he had threatened they should in his room, two other lights did, which had most probably escaped during the sleep of Anne Fothergill, the chambermaiden,—for it was her brilliants that had lighted up this flame. If the souls of departed men wander into the bodies of new and living ones, which great philosophers have believed;—if the stars themselves shoot, become erratic, and emit a phosphoric brightness;—if *all* the imaginations of *all*, (and the possessors too), wander at times,—why should the hypothesis be irregular or incredible, that Anne's eyes, when closed, and therefore when she had no particular use for them, should find their spontaneous entrance into the heart of Marco Paulo?—for, whether Anne Fothergill the maid was in actual love or not with Lord Gondola's servant, there can be little doubt that she was fond of being admired, as is by no means uncommon with the sex, high or low. All history has shewn that Cupid is quite

as busy in the kitchen as in the drawing-room, in the butlery as in the boudoir, in the pantry as in the parlour,—and the urchin god oft, perhaps to shew his power supreme, waylays and transfixes with his cruel dart, a pair, the most unlikely of all beings to become one flesh, or to feel the tender passion. And thus it occurred in the Quaker's kitchen. Paulo was, notwithstanding the primitiveness of the serving maidens, and their inward light, and starched caps tied under their chins, not only very agreeable, but a man of any sort being rarely to be seen there, he was therefore made much of, and he consequently became entertaining:—told all his story

Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery:

and they their ears did seriously incline,

devouring up his discourse, which sometimes however, savouring too much of worldly matters, made their eyes to become uplifted, yea, unto the ceiling. Paulo did not care how much Anne did thus, for she had a fine pair of sparklers, and their motions produced corresponding emotions within him: but there was one point which Paulo could not well get over,—Anne Fothergill asked the Italian what religion he was of? and, as Catholics, of all others, never deny their apostolic church, he boldly and manfully told her the truth; at the same time, softening it down by adding, he was not an *ultra* one, but a liberal,—and that he was not so particular as some were, for that he eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays too. The three Quaker servants were inwardly shocked that he should be a son of the whore of Babylon, and very much wished to convert him, trying every persuasive to that effect. Poor Paulo thus beset, at the same time hav-

ing no more religion than a drumstick, hesitated, paused, partly promised, then recanted, asked this explanation and that, but it was only to get under the tutorage of Anne, who was really a very agreeable young woman; and thus, as Love and Religion are too often united in affairs of the heart, and the *meeting-house* answers its real name, was Paulo enamoured of Anne, and she of him;—the maiden was, however, prudent and virtuous, and took care not to trust herself alone with him,—and this reserve and caution tended to rivet still faster in his heart those insensible links that bind tighter than the main chains of a man-of-war. This was the state of affairs in the lower regions, when they were all summoned to the family devotions that preceded their whole house retiring,—and thus did Paulo go to bed, but could not sleep,—for *he* had run no races, though his heart was pit-a-pat-ing as if he had; he tossed and tumbled about, half awake

and half asleep, and still did the serving Quaker's fine eyes, and cleanly figure, dwell upon his imagination. Now, as it happened, whether by the power of sympathy or not, Anne also was restless that night, and, though not in the habit of talking in her sleep, (a very dangerous one!) she would cry out, "Oh, Friend Paulo!" and sigh, to the great amazement of Tabitha, an older fellow-servant, who slept with her.

Time, which conquers all, men and things, and puts the significant and insignificant equally into oblivion, had rolled on one more hour,—then all became hushed, for

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds:  
 \* Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

The next morning found all upon the alert. Lord Gondola, though with limbs still very stiff, came down,—the candles roamed about the house like flitting ghosts, and by seven all breakfasting was over—all dressed,—and the Cappers had enticed Lord Gondola to the riding-house, but he could not run—he walked; and they kept him in such incessant activity of body and mind, that he devoured such a quantity of sundry rolls, tongue, and chickens' legs, that he might have been, perhaps was, ashamed of it—as a lord.

At half-past seven, the whole family, with his lordship, inspected the manufactory of Mr. Capper. This he had erected, not with a view of gain, but to give employment to all; and then he retailed out the implements of husbandry to the industrious poor at prime cost. Ploughs, rakes, harrows, and all useful articles, were ready in abundance, mostly

constructed too by boys and old men. Turnery too, and household ware, as brushes, brooms, mops, were also fabricated,—for Ephraim said, “ Cleanliness was next to godliness,—where there’s dirt there’s distress.” He next introduced Lord Gondola to the school, where he perceived children of *all* denominations ; here was heard the buzz of at least one hundred ;—the feelings of his lordship were visibly affected—he pressed Mr. Capper’s hand, and faltered out, “ What must *your* feelings be at this moment, compared to mine, who look on, and see others doing good, and happy therein,—while I—I—” he paused, and then they all proceeded to the adjoining village, most of which had been built by Mr. Capper ; they entered nearly all the cottages ; cleanliness, industry, and order, were perceptible throughout ; all had something to do—for any tenant of the Quaker’s that proved *incorrigibly* idle was turned out.



Thus was Mr. Capper, by a system of economy and method, enabled to do, and did too, more than princes and nobles, who, alas ! are too absorbed in the gratification of their own selfish propensities to administer, (as they ought to do), personally to the wants of the poor and humble. They returned home, gardened, walked, read, conversed, eat, drank, *and were merry*. His lordship was now unaffectedly happy,—unaffectedly we say,—for there can be no true felicity in the vicious indulgence of the senses, bearing no reflection:—for many are so besotted, that this is the summit of their wishes, and for a time *do* think themselves happy, — but such enjoyments pall; their relish decays, the keenness of the pursuit is over, continual gratification is no gratification—“ sweet is pleasure *after* pain.” In the course of the morning, Mr. Manners and Mr. Fauconberg rode over from Gogmagog Hall to pay a visit to their neighbour, and to

enquire how the noble lord had *endured* habits so new to him ? They started on seeing Lord Gondola ; professed, that he looked very nearly as well as a sportsman, quite as rosy, though not so coarse ; they brought the ladies' compliments, who were willing to receive the repentant prodigal back again, if he was in absolute despair, at being forced to go to bed in such school-boy hours ;—Lord G. told the gentlemen, that he should fairly stay, like the ministers, until he was kicked out,—then indeed he might—resign !—but confessed he felt so delighted with the whole of this friendly and matchless family, that part with them *he* could not. Mr. Manners hinted, and hoped his heart would not swerve from its just allegiance to the laws and forms of honour, (whispering), “ For we know, my Lord ! how women have run after you ; and here — ” (looking serious) Lord G. replied, “ Sir ! I am sorry you suspect me as capable — ” — but, recollecting

himself, “ True, I have been capable—but it is over;—that man must indeed be a villain who would, even in idea, violate the sanctity of this house. No, sir! I now feel I am not what I was; I never before saw virtue in her true and unsophisticated revelation: it is out of my power to transgress, awed and humbled as I am in the presence of such immaculacy. The lessons of honour which I am silently, but continually taking, prevent my aberration. Were the gardens of the Hesperides *watched*, I might rob them, first slaying the dragon though,—but they being open, like an *unsealed* letter, my own principle, now a reformed one, cannot be tempted into dereliction.”

Mr. Manners apologized for his well-meant hint, protested he had already the best opinion of his high sense of honour, “ But, whether from envy, or that they have lost you, our female part of the company, now doing me the honours of a visit, dwell upon your name as if there

was no other hero in the world.”—Lord G. smiled, saying, they did him *too* much honour.”

They now adjourned to the house, where Miss Cappers amused the visitors with an account of the punishments they had put their prisoner to, in racing, going to bed, and rising.

The Honourable Mr. Fauconberg threatened, if they would break him in too, to undergo a trial of the same sort ; but he feared for the consequences ; if it was heard of in high life, he must inevitably be *cut*. This was a term, however, new to the Cappers ; and so would most of the fashionable vocabulary be, which *will* pop out from the mouths of lords and honourables, occasioning explanation after explanation.

Mr. Manners now handed Lord Gondola his letters, which he (his lordship), after apologizing for opening in company, on perusing one, exclaimed aloud, “ No!

I shall throw Muley Abdallah into the fire, and, perhaps, all my poetry, too ! But, pardon me, gentle signoras ! while I explain :—you know (or may have thought) my muse has been rather infected with images of vice than of virtue ; I was about to celebrate, in immortal ode, the Black Prince,—not him the son of Edward the Third, but one *bona fide* black ; christened—no, he was a very unchristian-like fellow—but named Muley Abdallah !”—they laughed. “ Now, my friend Muley had a strange propensity to wasting the raw material, *i. e.* life ; or, in other words, killing and slaying,—or, of thinning the population, as that most learned Theban, and my vaulable friend has demonstrated in three volumes, to be a process of Providence, either direct or by certain instruments, as essential and necessary to the comfort of the rest—the remaining favoured few ! I was, therefore, about to render immor-

tal, this great operator, in his way of business ; for the ‘ head and front of his offending ’ was only the mere decapitation of a parcel of stupid heads, which have never been missed since, and transferring them from their supporters, the original living shoulders, to the dead walls surrounding his seraglio ; a very innocent amusement for a Moorish king, and certainly meritorious,—because he made the most of the raw material. I have consulted professor Camper, (him who wrote on skulls), and he appears never to have visited that African wall, by far more famed than the Chinese, 2000 years old, and 1200 miles long,—or the Roman wall. Probably the professor, with his compasses, so measuring the given quantity of intellect that once dwelt therein, might have anticipated that his own would be added. Nor has the celebrated Doctors Gall and Spurzeim thrown any light upon the affair. Un-

der these circumstances, the want of further insight,—but mostly, oh, ye Cappers! male and female, shall ye be answerable to my bookseller, for the loss of Muley, and to the world, for the regeneration of my poetical imagery:—no more shall she dwell with the tygers of the human race,—no more cradled in the blast of the howling storm—among rocks,—or barren heaths; nature, civilized from her pristine roughness and barbarism, shall be immortalized,—that is, if this hand can do it,—and, first of all, it puts Muley Abdallah, where he himself probably is—in flames.” So saying, he ran to his desk, bringing forth the MSS. of Muley, and stuffed it in the fire.

The three Miss Cappers (half frightened, being unaccustomed to these flights) looked at one another, but the gentlemen were convulsed in laughter. They all, however, united in opinion, that poems

wrote at midnight, must be tinged with some black affair, and that they thought there were sufficient fields for the imagination to range in, without pampering up the already vitiated taste of the public. "Will you return with us, Gondola?" said Mr. Manners and his friend. His lordship, looking at his host and his family, replied, "Oh, no! I have such a multiplicity of business on hand, I shall go distracted!—this afternoon I dine at two o'clock too!—walking, gardening, racing, reading, will follow; and I must retire early, on account of having so much to do in the morning; for the duties that we should impose upon ourselves are manifold, and would not be believed until they are excited by an Ephraim Capper—my man of Ross. My dear friends, Manners and Fauconberg! make my respects to your company, but I can't come."

These gentlemen, laughing heartily at



the revolution in this slave of fashion, literary as well as modish, now departed. They had been pressed to dine there, but had, on this occasion, only come out for a ride.

## CHAPTER XII.

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" The symmetry of youth, the grace of mien,  
 The eye that gladdens, and the brow serene ;  
 The glossy darkness of that clust'ring hair,  
 Which shades, yet shews that forehead, more than fair ;  
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws  
 A spell, that will not let our looks repose,  
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew  
 Some charm that well rewards another view !"

BYRON.

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AND now, having left Lord Gondola in good company, where it was not at all probable *ennui* would dare to attack him, we shall accompany Mr. Manners and Mr. Fauconberg home to Gogmagog Hall, who, on their arrival, informed the company of Lord Gondola's supporting the tedium of a Friend's method with all due philosophy.

Mrs. Fauconberg expressed her astonishment at the great powers of Lord Gondola:—"He is amiably disposed; yet he has done many things which he should not; he is a true patriot, yet a useless one; his genius is unbounded, but to a less purpose does he apply it than he might; his taste is a matter of question; learning he has, though not half what Sir W. Jones acquired,—yet remains a sceptic. How inconsistent is all this!—without appearing to aim at eccentricity, he has it in all he does; he tempts the loss of life, but the waves do not engulph him,—‘he bears a charmed life.’ Were he in battle, the bullets would have no commission for him!—What will be the end of this man, Mr. Fauconberg?"

"He is a riddle to me, and to himself too, I apprehend," replied Mr. Fauconberg: "a little more lead, and less mercury, might amalgamate his composition into something beneficial to society; at

present he is the idol, and he knows it,—and that destroys his utility. But here is Miss Melville; I must tell her the news too,—for the ladies must know every thing.” That young person was delighted; she knew the Cappers, and had visited there, and fondly cherished a hope that the example and society of such pious and unpretending people might wean him from the intoxicating loftiness upon which he stood,—a precipice! She then retired to the music-room. This charming girl, by her unaffected modesty, her accomplishments, and handsome person, had gained the admiration of nearly every one at Gogmagog Hall. Mrs. Copeland, indeed, sneered, while she affected to “pity young females brought up as fine ladies, and then left with nothing to support them,—Governesses, indeed!—nothing but a lure (by getting into respectable families,) for the master, or mistress’s son, who generally falls in love with the first pretty face that is nearest,—unless

he happens (fortunately for him) to be very stupid, and then he is *afraid* of her qualifications,—thus *he* escapes; not so the many, who marry their own governesses, and maids,—which has quite degraded our gentility, now a-days. It has not been a very uncommon thing for a noble lord even to rob the public by marrying his own mistress, or somebody else's, or some actress. I have not patience to think of it. I am sure my poor dear dead husband, when he was alive, was particular enough about me!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Sowerby, who ~~was~~ behind Mr. Fauconberg's chair: "I should not have suspected *that*, if you had not told us."

"And why so, sir?" retorted Mrs. Copeland.

"Because, madam! he might have corrected a habit of censoriousness, which disfigures a woman. Excuse me, madam! when *I* say, that those matches with governesses, which you allude to,

are not degrading,—they are most often *exalting* ; for *some* cultivation then may, most likely, be introduced into a circle that is overspread with rank weeds. Why should merit and virtue be cut down, because they do not flourish in the parterre of fashion?—Why should an honourable and good girl be deemed an inferior match by those who are only rich and stupid?—Really, Mrs. Copeland ! you *must* know that some of the brightest ornaments of the ton, which you so much and always advocate, came as governesses and actresses into it?—and as for the mistresses you say are married well, more shame for their owners ; but that shews what sort of estimates your *haut ton* make, when they *can* do such things, and set such examples.”

“ Well, sir ! you need not be so cross !”

“ But I will be cross,” said Mr. Sowerby, “ whenever I find a woman censo-

rious of her own sex, and of the younger part too, who should meet with *your* protection and encouragement, being old !”

Lady Caloric professed to admire Miss Melville very much. Mr. Sowerby said, as if in fright, “ he hoped she was not going to put her into her museum ?” “ No ! you snappish old gentleman ; but I certainly would have nunneries established all over England, where they might enter if they chose. I am sure I saw such charming creatures, in the Convents abroad !—and what could bring them there, but their own choice ?—they looked very pale though ——”

“ As your marble statues, no doubt, Lady Caloric !” replied Mr. Sowerby ; “ but I see what you are aiming at ; you think they would look picturesque ; and you would have processions too, I suppose, marching down Fleet-street, as Joanna Southcot’s fools did the other day. No, my lady ! women are born to

be useful, not useless ; and Miss Melville fills her station in society, and that is more than many do that I know.”

Lady Shuffle.—“ Why yes, Mr. Sowerby ! I suppose that young woman, whose father came after *you*, will fill *some* station !—Oh, you wicked old man !—how dare you to attack ladies so ?—look at home, and ask your own hard heart, what is to become of the woman you seduced, and her children ?”

This sally, so unexpected and vulgar, in reality quite silenced Mr. Sowerby, who was contented to join in a most boisterous laugh, which Lady Shuffle concluded was a victorious one. Still she was not quite satisfied, but resolved, in a short time, to go alone to the cottage, and learn more particulars, for his further confusion.

Miss Grace Gaskin, however, to settle all, sinpered and hemmed a little, and thus began :—“ The observations relative to Miss Melville, are *all* correct ; she is



a charming young lady ; *but* then, *we* that are single, are so exposed, (Mr. Sowerby lifted up his eyes !) so open to the treachery of men, those gay deceivers ! Miss Melville is accomplished,—*but*, what are these, alas ! too easily acquired adornments, but so many lures for *our* destruction—nets ! in which *we* are caught ourselves !—(Hem ! from Mr. Sowerby.)—Miss Melville is a fine figure, (viewing herself, and performing a serpentine twist, agreeably to Hogarth's line of beauty,)—*but*, that is the most fascinating of all ; and *we* that have that misfortune,—(Mr. Sowerby sneezed)—for beauty is a misfortune, are still in greater danger, whenever *we* walk out unattended. I myself, who am not at all comparable to Miss Melville, far be it from me to think otherwise, have been reputed to resemble the statue of Calliope, done by Michael Angelo !—(Mr. Sowerby twitched Mr. Fauconberg's sleeve, who got up, and ran out.)—Miss Melville.

ville plays the harp ; *but our* position of the leg has been reckoned so inflammatory to gentlem——” Here the ladies retreated.—The dinner-bell was now heard, to Mr. Sowerby’s great relief, who, being left alone with Miss Grace Gaskin, though he had concealed his laughter as long as he could, now broke forth, but pretended—that the oddity of his being her Cicisbeo, exceeded any thing he ever knew. Miss Gaskin, however, bridled up at such a hint, and its forerunner, the laugh, and she haughtily pushed forward, leaving Mr. Sowerby to chew the cud of having offended so many ladies. The dinner-table was somewhat shortened, for Mr. Murray, the counsel, learned in the law, Mr. Fentum, learned in politics and philosophy, had left for London, and Lord Gondola was with the Quaker and his friends. But Mr. Caustic was still there ; he who had hitherto so successfully played his cards, that he levied upon every one, in

succession, a contribution for his palm, or his palate; and if they did not, he would abuse them—in print. Now, *if* there is a Paradise for hackney coach horses, merely because they are so ill used in this world, what sort of a Paradise could Mr. Caustic look to, who had fared so sumptuously in this? But, to effect all this present luck, he had adopted the only *sure* mode; he bowed to, and flattered the rich and powerful,—he woo'd the strong party, and they saw he was a fit tool to do all sorts of dirty, grubbish work, which the same party conceived must be done, but which they rather wished performed by deputy; and it was thus he had succeeded.

There, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd  
 By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;  
 Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gawdy round,  
 Met nothing but a lie in ev'ry face;  
 And the gross flatt'ry of a gaping crowd,  
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud  
 The stuff, or royal nonsense: when I spoke,  
 My honest, homely words were carp'd and censur'd,

For want of courtly style: related actions,  
 Though modestly reported, passed for boasts;  
 Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,  
 Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,  
 And the bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites."

DON SEBASTIAN.

A man that has a face of brass and a heart of stone, conquers every thing; he sprung up on a sudden, like a mushroom, to every body's, and even his own astonishment; and, when he found himself flourishing, he ramified the spawn one way or another, until the hot-bed in which he grew was nothing without him.—A man of such degraded political principle, to be the guest of Mr. Manners!—Oh, yes! the worthy host never entered into such,—and wisely; he had himself retired from all public business some time since, as before stated, and any gentleman, properly introduced, was welcome,—witness the Jews, and Gentiles, the Quakers, and Moravians, there; we, therefore, only

enlarge on Mr. Caustic's general tact, the better to display him whom, perhaps, in a future page, we shall see again ; which *we* happen to know as well will be the case, as the wandering Arab does that a town is at hand, by smelling it at a great distance. It may be recollected that the young and modest Mr. Sewell was left at the Hall, and, indeed, we may almost say, shut up in the library, for so was he self-immured ; he had there been adding to materials, some time collected, for a publication which he meant to bring out before the season closed. Being a young man of great abilities, tolerable taste, and good learning, Mr. Caustic, having castigated him first, and assumed consequence in his company afterwards, now thought proper to pay court to him. Insidiousness was Mr. Caustic's prevailing characteristic,—openness, and want of suspicion, Mr. Sewell's. It was Mr. Caustic's object to find out what subject he was upon ; and no one could more

readily achieve it, by watching the books Mr. Sewell perused and took notes from, while they were together in the library ; and he further confirmed himself this day, by accidentally, as it were, touching on a portion of literature he wished to be set right in ; the young author, open and ardent, gratified in shining wherein he knew himself to be more than barely competent, enlarged, and spoke volumes. Mr. Caustic highly complimented him, and very feelingly seemed to lament the turn of his political principles, which he regretted the more, because they stood in the way of that advancement which he so much deserved. And thus it was that he wormed out of the unsuspecting writer, his secret, and though we here anticipate) instantly gave the hint to one of his friends, a party writer of his own side, who got a similar work out before Mr. Sewell's was half printed. But had even this failed, Mr. Caustic had already prepared the head

exordium of a critique on the subject, should Mr. Sewell's appear first. Thus was he armed at all points, like the porcupine, to discharge his quill every way. The Briareian critic had, besides, one more important manœuvre : he kept his *informers* on the alert, who told him, (after intriguing with the printer's journeymen,) who was the anonymous author of every work that did not suit the cabal, of which he was the head ; and in his criticism (so called) *this* was more acted upon than the literary matter forming the book ; a poor author, for instance, like Mr. Sewell, was tenderly advised to put himself apprentice to some useful trade, as a shoemaker, or a cobbler, rather than to cobble verse, or prose ; or a lady, who, it seems, wrote for bread, and succeeded, was requested to study her spelling-book, and take lessons in joined hand ! Certain it is, that all men may have their personal piques, but, unquestionably, advice like this, without argument, is as

far from criticism as Mr. Caustic is from disinterestedness. However, the base trick that he served Sewell did not (for once!) answer; the work of Caustic's friend did not sell, though puffed by himself to the highest pitch, by divers pages of his Review. Thus far we have somewhat *anticipated* as to the result of that day's conference between Mr. Caustic and Mr. Sewell.

At dinner nothing occurred worthy of observation, excepting that Miss Grace Gaskin and those ladies, whom Mr. Sowerby had offended, having sent him to Coventry—the only boon they could have granted him, as satisfactory. Lady Caloric however was better tempered, and he suffered severely by her everlasting rage for improvements; she sat next to him, and he could not avoid hearing her; deafness would not come, though invoked!—the stupidity he affected made her still more solicitous to explain; she went through all the discoveries lately



effected in the pyramids and the sphynx by Belzoni, Caviglia, down to Salt,—(Mr. Sowerby here handed her the salt), —“ What’s this for, sir ? ” —“ I thought you enquired for the salt ; I beg your pardon, my lady ! ” —“ Oh, granted, Mr. Sowerby ! but what is your opinion about that great cemetery of the Egyptians ? Don’t you think all our beggars, and redundant poor, that cost us so many millions a-year, and plague Mr. Vansittart so, should be sent to Egypt with shovels to clear away that nasty sand that hides so many beauties ? Have you seen the head of Memnon ?—if he had such a head, what must the parts of his body have been ? Well, it gives me a good idea,—oh ! I have it,” (whispering) “ You know what a large sum has been voted for the commemoration of Nelson’s Trafalgar Victory, I’ll propose to Mr. Vansittart to have his statue sculptured full as large as the Memnon, and set up as an everlasting monument to the fame

of that hero." Mr. Sowerby said, it was a fine scheme, and added, that under the base ought to be engraved—*Lady Caloric, invenit.* This civil reply so pleased her ladyship, that he became a favourite, and she went on consulting him on an improved umbrella, which she had some thoughts of getting a patent for;—it was to go round horizontally, in the smoke-jack way, by the wind, and then it could not either drip, nor be turned inside out by a sudden gust. (Mr. Sowerby looked at Mr. Manners, who saw the scrape he was in.)—“Apropos—do you know how Napoleon is?”—“No, my lady! I have had no letters.”—“Poor dear man! they tell me he has got the bile, and looks as yellow as a guinea;—well, bless me, how I hated him when the great ‘Times’ editor used to call him such names; but now, you know, Mr. Sowerby, he is down, and we should not kick him; that is not fair play, as the boys cry out;—

talking of boys, pray, what is become of Master Betty?—wonderful youth!—that used to draw tears from our fashionables, when the *child* performed tragedy; and now he and they are grown older, they laugh at all the sad sorrows of Achmét. Talking of tears, do you believe in the Roman Lachrymatories, and that they really bottled up the liquid emotions of the eyes?—talking of eyes, did you ever see such a pair as Lord Gondola has?”

“Yes, my lady!—I’ll hand you a pear;” and accordingly, as the dessert was on the table, did so.—“Oh, you malicious creature!—you knew what I meant; but how singular is the shape of a pear; I have a Greek coin in my pocket—(here the ridicule began to rattle again)—that has one on the obverse;—have you seen my coins?—I think not!” laying the green bag on the table, *in imitation of others*; but Mr. Sowerby instinctively prevented her opening it, saying, “he had both seen and felt the contents of

that bag." By this time, Lady Caloric was rather fatigued, and somewhat hurt at her coins still remaining invisible for that day ; she looked round, but saw, as they were all busily engaged in conversation, she could not fasten upon any one. Mr. Sowerby proposed to take wine with her, and that led her unfortunately to begin upon the wine-jars found in the cellars of Herculaneum ; much lamented that some was not saved ; she liked any thing antique, (looking full at Mr. Sowerby), but he dared not speak in reply, for fear of provoking discussion. At length, she asked Mr. Sowerby if he loved women ?—" Why do you ask me that question, my lady ?—as I ought to love and respect them, I do !"—" Heigh, oh !—I am glad to know that ; for, by what I hear, you are free out of doors, and snappish within, to us females ; heigh, oh !" Mr. Sowerby dreaded nothing in this world so much as a languishing female fit, and was preparing

to call for his hat and stick, when a simultaneous movement of the ladies, for departure, took place, and Lady Caloric was the last to follow.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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Love, the most gen'rous passion of the mind :  
 The softest refuge innocence can find ;  
 The safe director of unguided youth,  
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth ;  
 The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,  
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down ;  
 On which, one only blessing God might raise,  
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise ;  
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,  
 But felt a God, and bless'd his pow'r in love.

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MR. SOWERBY now drew his chair up to the table, begun to breathe, and the gentlemen closed up. Mr. Ferrers rallied the old gentleman upon the victory he had gained over the combustible heart of her ladyship ; said she had her good qualities, but was such a *blue*, she never would be reclaimed. " That is certain,"

said Mr. Sowerby: “ and neither ~~she~~ nor any in the room, nor out of it,—(sighing)—could ever fill up this heart with comfort. You know, my kind young friend! how it has been lacerated: and I only wonder how I retain my reason. Solitude would drive me mad: and I, therefore, plague your and my Mr. Manners, now and then, with my company, where I am certain of your friendships, at any rate.” Mr. Ferrers then, to dissipate the gloom which he saw gathering on his good friend’s brow, remarked upon the ladies, one after another, who had just left the room. Mr. Sowerby, however, noticed he left Miss Melville out, which, he said, was not fair, for she was the fairest of the flock. “ She is an angel!” replied Mr. Ferrers, with vehemence: “ and happy will be the man who possesses her!”—“ I am glad to hear you think so, sir!—you think justly: I know more of her than you do, or than she thinks I do—and I know of

nothing but to her credit. She shall be protected while I have a shilling." The old man pulled out his handkerchief to dry a starting tear. "Excuse my folly ; a pleasurable emotion, you know, Mr. Ferrers, may produce a quivering eye and faltering voice, as well as a tragical event, and I envy not the man who does not feel thus. If all young women were so dutiful, so affectionate to their parents as she is, how delighted would the latter feel !—but then, indeed, in such a case, their bereavement would be doubly insupportable. But ask me no further particulars ; hereafter, as I have a good opinion of *you*, you may hear more ; but, at present, I shall only echo your own words—she is an angel !" Mr. Ferrers appeared thoughtful and abstracted. We have before observed, there was a mystery about this elegant young man ; and it may be here remarked, it was one also to Mr. Sowerby, who had no right to intrude upon Mr. Manners's concealment



of his birth and parents, nor did he ; he had, however, closely scrutinized the private character of Mr. Ferrers, and watched him with a penetrating eye, but he found out no vices ; some trivial faults, common to young men who keep up the high establishment Mr. Manners allowed him, he discovered, and did not even wonder at. Mr. Ferrers was an excellent scholar,—had been first at Winchester, and then at Oxford ; and he voluntarily had the first tutors, on his arrival home, in every branch of solid knowledge ; and this may, in some degree, account for his not being often seen in the promiscuous groupe of Gogmagog Hall, for he most usually spent a large portion of every day in his rooms, and much of it with Mr. Sewell, one of his own age, both being, too, very gluttons in literature. Mr. Ferrers dwelt with peculiar delight on the attic hours he had passed, within these few days, with that young man, and hoped, ardently hoped, he would re-

side there as his tutor ; but he did not, nor would he dare for a universe to wound the feelings of such a visitor of his guardian, though he knew his circumstances.

Mr. Manners and Mr. Fauconberg had, sitting together at the upper end, been eulogizing the same unobtrusive female as those at the lower, for she (Miss Melville) created friends every where, but where envy dwelt ; and yet, many of those friends were negative ones ; they felt a spasmodic attack of admiration, and even affection, which, however, soon died away. A common case !—proving, virtue *may* be rewarded, but it is of slow operation, though sure, one way or other ; her departure too, was to take place the day after the next, for Mrs. Clifford would then return from Bath, where the family had been for a fortnight. Mr. Manners anticipated regret at losing her, for, he said, she was as the planet Venus among the inferior stars surrounding her, Mrs. Fauconberg excepted. “ Thank

you !” replied that lady’s husband; “ and there are not two such in this universe, that I have met with.” Mr. Manners, however, avowed that he meant to beg, borrow, or steal her occasionally, from his valuable and excellent neighbour, Mrs. Clifford, for the very least we can do is to countenance, if we do not reward merit, reduced from its pristine state of comfort and station of life. “ I am sorry,” addressing himself to Mr. Caustic, “ to know that your polished ones, in the quarter of the metropolis where you reside, are the most callous, hard-hearted creatures in the world, and that, in the country, we beat you fairly in the field of humanity ; *here*, we are not ashamed nor afraid of looking in upon the poor and needy ; *there*, they would not, could not, *see* any distressing case for the whole world,—it is so shocking ! True, when they *hear* of a case, they will send money, which most likely never

reaches the objects ; charity, therefore, so bestowed, is not effectual."

Mr. Caustic allowed, " that a dutchess, when at her seat in the country, would go round among her tenants, and be very kind ; but in town, he was afraid humanity walked rather lamely for half of the year. Yet, it is unknown what sums are expended in benevolence by the fashionables ; they get imposed upon, and then grow callous ; but how can they be expected to ascertain every case that is offered to them ?—Consider, Mr. Manners, how they are engaged !"

" I know it," replied Mr. Manners : " they *choose* to be so engaged. It accords with that tacit compact that binds the whole ; but let me tell them, one worthy family relieved and set afloat in the world, will yield them more pleasure than receiving and paying visits to a parcel of contemptibles, whom they know to be such, and do slander, if it can be so called, the very next hour.

Really, Mr. Caustic! hypocrisy does seem to march, with gigantic strides, toward the temple of fashion: could not an act of parliament be got to put it down?"

Mr. Sewell enquired—"What was the majority on the last division?—he believed, 270 to 25. No, Mr. Manners!" Looking archly at Mr. Caustic, "it would be worse than raising the Royal George, to attempt it; unless, perhaps, it should get, for form's sake, into a secret committee, and then the act will come out any thing."

Mr. Caustic vindicated the existing system of things, and went on in a florid speech, just as if he had been in the senatorial chapel; but all that could be collected from it, were several high sounding and significant words, as—public order, legitimacy, holy alliance, poor laws, corn bills, cash restriction——

But, as he added, he shortly hoped to see Mr. Ferrers there, for the Borough

of \*\*\*\*\* , he should not further trespass upon the patience of the house.

“ Bravo !” replied Mr. Manners.

“ Hear !” from Mr. Fauconberg.

“ Psha !” cried Mr. Sowerby.

“ Psha !” echoed by Mr. Sewell.

Mr. Ferrers had left before the division ; and then Mr. Fauconberg reported progress, and, after counting the house, asked leave to sit again. On their entrance to the ladies and the tea circle, which were to-night assembled in the music-room, they found they had nearly lost a very beautiful trio, which Miss Melville had arranged from some foreign music just arrived. That young lady played the harp, and sung, Mrs. Fauconberg at the piano-forte, and Mr. Ferrers—the flute. They were all excellent practitioners, as amateurs, and the company were delighted, and encored it. The latter young gentleman was exceedingly attentive to Miss Melville, and the females all then set him down as in

love, for the least particular attention so bestowed, is swelled by the trumpet of gossip into a settled thing. That young lady, however, never quitted the side of her amiable and kind friend, Mrs. Fauconberg, all the evening, unless when employed at the instrument, which was not unfrequently the case, for all the party were attached to that delightful science, which reminds us of the lines of Dryden :—

“ From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
     This universal frame began :  
     From harmony to harmony,  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in—man !”

Mr. Sowerby became, as it were, a closer friend than ever to Mr. Ferrers ; that young man seemed to take refuge in him ; his discourse had all the same turn,—Miss Melville in every thing ; he panegyrized her with a partial tongue,—his ears vibrated to the heavenly music

she composed and performed,—his eyes beheld her beauty heightened by a modesty unartificial, self-assured, and yet sprightly ; her very taste in preferring the serious in melody fascinated him!—and why not?—for young men may be romantic as well as young ladies: they often fancy lips to be coral, and teeth pearl, and that divinity dwells in every ringlet that adorns a countenance where sit graces in thousands, attendant upon her thoughts. He dwelt upon the expression of those eyes resembling what Raffael painted in his angels,—fancied himself a physiognomist, and a sound one; he could not trace there one look that insidiously and covertly was meant to attract attention; he fancied compassion and kindness dwelt beneath her long and dark eye-lashes, and much thought; he watched her postures,—no studied attitude, no artifice, no contrivance there; her fingers were not covered with rings, nor her hair festooned with chap-



lets ; no necklaces, four or five deep, encircled her neck ; she neither used a dress-fan, nor smelt at essence bottles, to give languid art a fresh excitement, or to display an arm, or a frown, if the sniff happened to be too pungent ; but, above all, she was not naked !—Let not the reader start !—for the word, somehow, will intrude, to effect the meaning which is in reality annexed, when ladies are described in the full and fashionable (*un*) dress for a waltz, or for an evening party. Her arms were not exposed up to the shoulder,—her bosom was not displayed to, nor invited the rude gaze of, gentlemen *after* dinner ; nor were her petticoats stylishly high. No ! without being a prude, or a sectarian, she was modestly and becomingly fashionable, preserving a happy medium between extremes. Now, Mr. Ferrers, who, as a gay young man, and had seen some of the female dash, perceiving all this, the contrast was so very striking, added to

the aforementioned beauties, in his corporeal and mind's eye, that he dwelt on them with surprising energy, to Mr. Sowerby, and then retailed such an association of ideas, which his enamoured senses had created, that Mr. Sowerby readily inferred Venus was not more beautiful, nor Diana more chaste, nor Juno more majestic, nor Minerva more clever, than Miss Melville was in Mr. Ferrers's estimation. The subject, too, seemed an inexhaustible one; and the old gentleman, though a confirmed hater of long speeches, in this instance never interrupted him, for the whole of it accorded with his own opinion. It is not incurious to observe how eloquent love is,—how it shines even in prose,—and how the admiration which Mr. Ferrers felt was so beautifully poured forth, like small meandering streams in rich meadows, before the old gentleman. Alas! how would it be changed to stammering, hesitation, and confusion, were he then to have ad-

dressed Miss Melville, instead of his friend!—He could now make sonnets upon the very hue that tipped her fingers withal,—upon her shadow,—a lock of hair,—and strongly was he tempted to try; but he was again summoned to play the flute, as an accompaniment to her piano; he arose—did his best—lost his time; Miss Melville looked up; that added to his confusion, and he could not recover himself. He excused himself, and laid the blame upon the flute; then tried the violin, and, tuning it, he broke a couple of strings; all failed, and Miss Melville finished alone. He was rallied, looked foolish, and sat down, but so close to Mr. Sowerby as to rub against him, and nearly dislodge the old gentleman from his seat. He perceived all his mistakes, *after* they were committed, and apologized; but even that was awkwardly done, by the substitution of one name for another; he called Lady Caloric, Miss Melville, in his reply to some

question she had proposed ; he called Lady Shuffle, Miss Gaskin, and Miss Gaskin, Lady Shuffle ; the identity of all his friends was now become doubtful, and he became greatly embarrassed,—felt as if the room was suffocating with heat, though it was very cold weather,—seemed as if in a prison, and panted to escape, and finally, in attempting it, went out of the wrong door into a dark room, where he staid a considerable time, ashamed to re-enter and encounter the laugh which he anticipated. But, while he was there, he rallied and questioned himself what all this meant, and why he had made himself so ridiculous ?—his conclusions were, that having dwelt so long upon the virtues and beauty of Miss Melville, they had engrossed too much of his attention. “ What ! I who have ever ridiculed the possibility of falling in love, to be so !—Impossible !—she is an angel, certainly ; but I never saw her till within these three days. To be sure I was struck

with her at first sight, granted ; and, that her attributes, divine as they are, shone more and more every hour—true ; what then ?—it never can follow that *I* should be in love, in the strict sense of the word ; it is really too ridiculous, in these days !” He would give a thousand pounds to get out of the dark room he had somehow got in, but there was no other door but that which opened into the music-room, where they all were talking, which he heard, and with occasional and loud bursts of laughter,—perhaps, too, he said, at my expense. Again, Mr. Manners knew the geography of his own house, and might have witnessed what the others did not know, as to this room and prison,—but in this he found no consolation, excepting, as Mr. Manners was situated, he might not see the wrong door he took. What was to be done ?—should he stay till the company would quit the music-room, being called down to supper ?—*that* might be two hours hence !

he thought he heard cards called, and the backgammon dice box rattle,—he did not dare to move lest he should be heard. It happened that in the midst of these meditations, the door opened; and Lady Shuffle and Miss Gaskin entered,—(he concealed himself still more behind a cabinet), — and were retreating as it was dark, but Lady Shuffle said it was no matter, for they could have their little gossip in the dark as well as in the light; and then shut the door;—now here he felt himself worse off than ever in being obliged to become a listener to two women he despised,—his extra exertions to be silent had made him get very close into the corner, and being with his face to the wall, some dust or cobweb tickled his nose, and he sneezed most heartily, but most involuntarily; the game, he rapidly concluded, was now up, and he anticipated every thing would be rendered still more painful upon the two ladies setting up a loud scream,

(being thus interrupted in the middle of their dark conversation,) who both scrambling to the folding-door could not find the handle, and the terror co-operating, Lady Shuffle pushed Miss Gaskin down, who then began to squall and hystericize ;—the company in the adjoining room flew instantly to the spot where this yell and crash proceeded, for they were equally alarmed, and discovered Mr. Ferrers standing, Miss Gaskin lying down, and Lady Shuffle frightened out of her wits,—all were anxious for the explanation, but none could be given, because Miss Grace Gaskin was lying at full length in hysteric fits, and kicking in so expanded a way, that the gentlemen (for decency's sake) were obliged to retire ; but as that was the case, and Lady Caloric having, with the most affectionate regard, pronounced that nothing but bleeding would do in this extreme case, and ordering Mrs. Copeland to tie her arm up with a ribbon or garter that may

first present, she pulled out her lancets, which she always carried with her, and had no sooner scratched her, than up jumped Miss Grace Gaskin as well as ever. Lady Caloric ever after took great pride in this decisive cure,—the terrified Lady Shuffle, disturbed thus in her tête-à-tête, recovered herself by the aid of Lavender drops and sugar, and they now seated to compose themselves before they left the room.

Miss Melville looked serious, Mrs. Fauconberg laughed heartily, Lady Caloric puffed off (as is usual) the wonderful cure performed. Lady Shuffle wanted to know who was the barbarous man who had played them this trick, and frightened them out of their senses? Miss Gaskin looked at her arm, and begged a sling might be formed for her. Mrs. Copeland enquired what they were doing there in the dark? but could get no answer to this question. In the meantime, Mr. Ferrers coolly fabricated a head-ache,—



said he was sitting in the dark, leaning his head on the arm chair, and that the horse hair or a something made him sneeze, and thus frightened the ladies, for which he should apologize, and did, as they now entered. As it happened, Mr. Manners had perceived all, knew that Mr. Ferrers was there, and had not, nor did he now make one comment upon it.

In a short time they descended to supper. The reader will recollect we are in the country, not in London during the season when the nobility dine some at six, some at seven, and we have heard at nine, at the head table in this kingdom. Our guests, though not dull, had received an interruption, one was thoughtful, another saw more than there was in the odd affair, another absent, this sneering, and that laughing. Miss Grace Gaskin received the compliments of the company upon her happy recovery,—she looked certainly as simpering as

usual, yet her sling added to the effect. Mr. Sowerby said, a friend of his always sent any of his servants, who went into hysterics, into the Veterinary College, where they cured them in five minutes : Miss Gaskin then affirmed, he must be a barbarian not to take compassion upon a female, who looks doubly interesting at such a time. Mr. Ferrers did the duties of the table silently and much embarrassed ; Miss Melville was thoughtful, Mr. Caustic, Mr. Sewell, and the rest, as usual, and so they remained until they retired, which soon took place, for it was now night—

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
 The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;  
 The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
 When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves.

On the following day, Mr. and Mrs. Fauconberg, Mr. Ferrers, and Miss Melville, rode out;—the two ladies were

good horsewomen, and they had made a delightful and pleasant jaunt, but on their return home, and near it, when on a gentle trot, Mr. Ferrers's horse stumbled and fell,—he was dismounted, with his left foot hanging in the stirrup, which was so caused and entangled by his horse making a sudden jerk in getting up, and being terrified started off, and dragged him several yards,—when Miss Melville, by a singular presence of mind, galloped before the horse, seized the reins, and stopped him. Her terror was beyond description; for in the concussion, she had but just time to save herself, and go to Mr. Ferrers's relief, who was now insensible; she disentangled his foot, when, oh! what was her agony when she saw his leg broke, and the shin bone protruding through his boot! she shrieked with horror; he now opened his eyes, which seemed to thank his deliverer—but he could not speak; she raised his

head upon her lap, untied his neckerchief, and unbuttoned his collar; the position, and the air thus received, revived him, and he articulated, " Oh, my deliverer, my angel! am I rescued from death by the woman whom *I* would have died for,—to know, see, and —" — here he would have proceeded, but his face became pale, and a cold dew overspread his forehead; Miss Melville was distracted, and called out for help, while he lay, as she believed, dying; but, to her great relief and unspeakable joy, she saw Mr. and Mrs. Fauconberg gallopping their horses back,—for they had gone gently on before, and were dreadfully alarmed on seeing Miss Melville's horse without its rider—loose; they turned their horses' heads round, when, on coming within half a mile, they saw them both in the middle of the road—and fortunately came in time to support Miss Melville, whose exertions and agitation

having been so great, it was with the utmost difficulty that she could be kept from fainting. Mr. Fauconberg lost no time—he dispatched his lady to Mr. Manners's for the carriage, and such little time was spent, that in twenty minutes they all arrived. The consternation the house was put into by this grievous intelligence was such that every soul quitted it, on foot, or mounted. Mr. Manners had, on this calamity, despatched a servant to London on one of his best horses to bring Mr. Heaviside the surgeon down, and others he had sent off for the most eminent in their way, in the next country towns—all felt as they should feel; for Mr. Ferrers had been uniformly amiable, and particularly to his inferiors; but what were Mr. Manners's feelings when he perceived him on a bank apparently dying, for his head had been so bruised, that there was no appearance of life but what was felt in his

pulse;—he was carefully placed in the carriage with Miss Melville, who had received a great shock,—and all conveyed, as fast as circumstances would permit, to the hall.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak ;  
 And if I could,  
 Words were not meant to vent such thoughts as mine.

DON SEBASTIAN.

Oh ! let me unlade my breast !  
 Pour out the fullness of my soul before you,  
 Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought.  
 This wond'rous goodness stirs : but 'tis impossible,  
 And utt'rance is vile : since I can only  
 Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

ROWE.

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MR. MANNERS had all the firmness, but he had also the feelings of a man : in this instance he was almost heart-broken : his heir, such a youth,—all his long-looked-for hopes blighted in an hour ; and until the surgeon came from the next market town, he was in unutterable distress. Mr. Ferrers was bled, pro-

perly placed, and his leg set, but he (the surgeon) would by no means answer for his safety unless quietness was observed, with the total absence of all around: he said he would stop with him until the London surgeon arrived,—and how grateful Mr. Manners felt for this, is not to be described. Mrs. Fauconberg readily and affectionately attended too upon Miss Melville, who also had some occasion for the doctor's advice; he administered a composing draught, ordering a warm bed, and quiet. As no one was permitted to see Mr. Ferrers,—Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Sewell were walking about the house in that restless and feverish anxiety which displayed the value of that friend, now put upon a bed of sickness. At length the surgeon from town arrived, and happily found the bones properly set, which in the country is often so unskilfully done, that they are obliged to be broken and reset; but he also found many serious bruises on the head; as the frac-



ture of the leg was a simple one, and none of the bruises could be pronounced as dangerous, if fever was kept aloof, he had great hopes in due time of putting the patient upon his legs again; but especially enjoined that no one should see him but his attendant country surgeon, whom he was happy to find a man of skill, and willing to devote his whole attention to him;—so saying, he took his leave; Mr. Manners, however, retained him to come down three times a week, which, it appeared, was as much time as he could spare.

Miss Melville soon recovered her health, but not her spirits;—Mrs. Clifford was informed of what took place, and she wrote with the utmost politeness desiring Miss Melville would not hurry her return, as she concluded it was her natural wish to stay until that gentleman was out of danger, whose life she had perhaps saved by her presence of mind. But, oh! how did Mr. Manners

pour out his gratitude to her for her noble conduct; he embraced her as a father would his child—called himself her debtor in saving the life of his only hope and pride. He would not insult her, with shewing his gratitude in the way he would wish, but left that part of the subject to a future day.

Miss Melville disavowed any obligation being due to her whatever, she had already devoutly thanked God that *she* had been made the instrument of helping a fellow-creature, and so excellent a young man as Mr. Ferrers.

On the following day, Mr. Manners called Mr. Sowerby into his closet,—and, begging him to sit down, thus addressed him,—

“ My dear and valuable friend! to you only I fly for sympathy, next to that power above, to whose dispensations we must all bow with reverence. You, Mr. Sowerby! who will and can feel with the afflicted, the poor, and forsaken,

and who never participated, but rather checked the fretful complaints, artificial wants, and hypocrisies of the rich and vain ;—now, it is that I want you, my good friend !—your advice is necessary, to relieve my heart from a weight of obligation to this charming young creature, who has, by her presence of mind, perhaps saved my ward. What can I do for her ? or rather, what should I not do for her ?”

“ My honoured friend !” replied Mr. Sowerby, “ I commiserate with you in the affliction just brought upon your house, which I trust in Providence will be of no long duration,—for I met the surgeon at the door, and he informs me, the patient’s pulse does not increase. As to the benefits that you would heap upon Miss Melville, which, I take for granted, is what you mean,—and thus, shew an honourable gratitude to her, think of that no more : her pride would allow of no such thing,—and she is not

to be tempted ;—you do not know her—nor am I now at liberty to inform you of her parents, who are at present in obscurity, struggling with their adverse fortune, too high in mind to court pity by the exposure of their poverty. Sometime hence I will introduce you to her noble parents,—not noble indeed as to title, but in private worth ;—you *shall* see them, and know more. My dear friend Manners, one secret I will however impart in confidence ; I do *know* them, and I now know the young lady. Since I have been here, I took the liberty of presenting to her a pocket-book with a 50*l.* bank bill in it ;—I thought a young creature like her had a claim upon my purse ;—she had to keep good company—dress is expensive—so are the accomplishments of music, drawing, and languages ; there is always a something to buy—a something to pay. I could not bear to think she might feel any inconveniences in such laudable pur-

suits, and I so ventured, but solely on the plea of my being her father's friend ; well, the young hussey went and consulted with Mrs. Fauconberg, whether she ought, in propriety, to take it, and was, with much difficulty, persuaded she should,—especially as I was a cross, snap-pish old fellow, and could have no improper motives. Still she went on wor-ritting herself about it ; and at length had the impudence to return it to me, saying, it was like Saul's armour, which she had not proved. On this I grew, I fear, a little cross, for I made her cry, declaring I would never speak to her nor her parents again, if she did not let me have my own way. Now judge !—this morning I received a letter from town, and—but I suppose you will guess—the noble girl sent the whole of it to her mother, who she knew wanted it more than herself. She is not aware I have found it out. . Now, Mr. Manners, this has fixed me as her friend : for many

young girls are jaunting about, in flying colours, while the dear mother that bore them is, perhaps, pining at home, doomed, in her old age, to endure numberless privations. I never knew any good come from disobedient children. I thought that the attentions which had been paid to her, since she got into a really genteel and amiable circle, might perhaps have made her giddy, and turned her head, for a woman's soon does, if her vanity can but be administered to; but I am glad to say, it has not that of Emily Melville,—for I have tried her, and she has stood the test. In a short time, you shall see her friends; at present, say no more on the subject.”

Mr. Manners promised all, provided that he should be the first and only one who should be consulted by her and her family, when his interference and his purse might be useful.

A house of sorrow and of mourning, is not a place for visitors; indeed, when

it becomes such, they generally imitate the swallows, who migrate at periods they don't approve of. Mrs. Copeland, Lady Shuffle, Lady Caloric, and Miss Gaskin, took their departures in peace; but we could not but allow Lady Caloric, with all her follies, had a feeling heart, which she evinced at parting. Mrs. Fauconberg remained, as did her husband; the Persian, and Mr. La Trobe, had been fixtures here for some time; Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Sewell would not move while their friend was in danger; and Mr. Caustic was obliged to quit, on account of some literary matter he superintended.

These were the parties, therefore, that waited in anxiety for the confirmation of the surgeon's hopes; but, alas! what hopes there were, began to be overshadowed with doubt and darkness, on the fourth day; for fever came on, and the patient was now insensible; extra physicians were sent for from London; Mr. Man-

ners was nearly distracted, and all gave themselves up to grief. On the seventh day, the household surgeon called Mr. Manners aside, and enquired if he knew of any thing in particular that might be supposed to press upon his (the patient's) mind? Mr. Manners replied, "None that he could be aware of; he had formed no attachments, and was very correct in his conduct." The surgeon appeared thoughtful:—"Did he know of no one of the name of Melville—a name he was continually repeating?"—"What is this I hear?" said Mr. Manners: "is it possible?—what then is the impression on your mind, doctor?"—"Why, Mr. Manners, I venture to think his malady is two-fold: that, in his mind he is sore diseased, as well as body." Mr. Manners rung for Mr. Sowerby, and they held a consultation upon this remarkable and unexpected fact. The former expatiated upon the impossibility of *such* an impression being made upon Mr. Ferrers's



mind (who had been hitherto so lively and gay), by any woman, in the short space of three days ; though he had himself thought, the night before the accident, that he appeared ruffled and disconcerted, or ill. Mr. Sowerby said nothing. Mr. Manners became pensive, and seemed additionally grieved :—“ When, good sir !” addressing the surgeon, “ do the London physicians come down again ?” —“ To-night : for it is the only time they can spare from their patients.” —“ God send it was then come !” said Mr. Manners, with a heavy sigh. The surgeon sighed too, for *he* was a father, *had* been a lover, and knew how difficult it is to minister to a mind afflicted, and that no antidotes will calm the bosom of this perturbation ; he would have said more,—for he felt ; yet his interference, where, perhaps, a family alliance might have been projected, would be both impertinent and useless ; he, however, for the first time, enquired if

Miss Melville was in the house, and who she was? Mr. Sowerby eagerly answered this enquiry, and added, that it was her who had disengaged his foot while trailing from the horse's stirrup. The surgeon had heard enough, and took his leave, to attend his patient, who had now no intervals of reason, but, in his paroxysms of derangement, would still call upon her whom he seemed in anxious suspense and solicitude to see; he stared round the chamber,—drew the curtains from time to time, as if to watch for some one,—and then gave himself up to despair; the fever was increasing, and the surgeon became seriously alarmed, lest the violent emotions of body, which he foresaw coming on, might undo or displace the bandages. At length the physicians arrived, to the great joy of all. •The consultation they held was long, and increased the almost intolerable anxiety of the parties most interested; they requested to see Mr. Manners, and, stat-

ing as their decided opinion, as matters went worse, and all had been done to check what was, indeed, to be apprehended, but, if continued, they could not answer for the consequences,—and, they now added, by requesting, if a Miss Melville was in the house, they might be allowed to take her into the patient's sight. Mr. Manners assented, and rung for Mrs. Fauconberg, entreating her to use her influence with her friend, to attend the physicians. She flew upon such an errand of humanity, and in a minute returned with the weeping girl, who had never been insensible to the sorrows of the family, and could have no objection, not only to shew herself, but she would be his nurse, wait upon him, bind up his wounds,—any thing, could she but be the means of restoring him to Mr. Manners's arms. They were all delighted and affected with her benevolence, and two physicians, and the household surgeon, cautiously introduced the amiable

girl already half dead with trepidation and alarm: they placed her by the bedside, begged her for Heaven's sake to be composed and firm, which she promised indeed, but with a voice half suffocated with a forced suppression of grief; but she could not perform her promise, when she heard her own name repeated, and repeated again and again. They begged her to be calm. She fell on her knees, and prayed aloud, with that wrestling fervid eloquence which her feelings inspired, for his recovery,—that he might once more know her voice and mark her features, when it was observed,—the patient turned round and listened,—and was quiet. By this time she got up, and was seated by the side of his bed: she then ventured to take his burning hand; he trembled, looked round the room, and at length—his eyes met her's. He would have got up; but, with one of those conciliating yet

commanding expressions of countenance she possessed, she waved her hand, as it were to forbid him. He rivetted his eyes upon her. She bent over him fondly and soothingly, and then, raising his hand to her lips, she kissed it. Nature here struggled indeed within Mr. Ferrers; he had a half consciousness of what she did; his lips began to quiver, and he shed tears in abundance. The medical gentlemen, who stood apart, hailed this welcome scene, and were congratulating each other on the flattering aspect of things. She now continued to shew him every soothing attention imagination could devise; she wiped his eyes with her handkerchief; she smoothed his pillow; and all this was done with one hand, so fearful was she of a relapse by withdrawing the other. The tears he had shed evidently relieved him, yet he sighed bitterly. "Dear Mr. Ferrers! how do you now

find yourself?" for he had fixed his eyes on her so stedfastly, that she would fain hope her presence had, in some degree, restored his recollection. "Dear sir! you are better to-day, I hope?—Emily Melville addresses you.—Do you know her? I am come to sit with you, since you unfortunately cannot with me, and nurse you, and wait upon you." And, as she again saw him weeping, those best and surest proofs of convalescence, she again adopted every innocent and endearing phrase that friendship could give tongue to, to win his confidence, —thereby bringing back returning reason, which often, by an inadvertent word, again escapes.—"What! shall not I be your nurse, your governess? Won't you say one word to poor Emily Melville?" This she really meant to utter in childish raillery, but her own feelings became subdued in turn, her voice faltered, and she covered her eyes

with her handkerchief, already wet with their mutual emotions. He squeezed her hand; and his voice faintly articulated—"Miss Melville!"—"Joy! joy!" she exclaimed, "he knows me: now am I indeed happy:" and she begged the doctor to hand her an orange, which she administered to the patient, who seemed every instant to be more and more aware of what was passing. She then gently disengaged her hand, and lifted up his head, by placing her left arm under the pillow, whilst she pressed the juice of the fruit between his fevered lips. He looked up, then round; and, sighing, at length feebly exclaimed—"Dear, dear Miss Melville! you are kind, very kind, to visit here a poor——" but he was now completely exhausted, and sunk down, but most evidently at ease, calm, sensible of his illness, and of his attendants, and particularly of that angel who had appear-

ed when most thought of, most wanted. Not Petrarch's Laura herself could have yielded more delight to the enamoured poet, than this realized vision to Mr. Ferrers.

• The physicians from London now left the room, and had the pleasure to announce below, to Mr. Manners and his most anxious friends, the best hopes which they had now reason to form of his speedy recovery; but added, it is all owing to that lovely and amiable girl, whose affectionate and happy way of administering to the mind and body too of the patient is worth twenty physicians; and, as we have prescribed a course of sudorifics, which, by the bye, we hope will be handed by the same lady, there is hardly a doubt of his case. Mr. Sowerby danced about the room; Mr. Manners was pressing every body's hand, shedding tears of joy; and the physicians departed: nor were they wanted



any more ; the bones knitted, and the patient went on as well (as old nurses say) as can be expected ; for Miss Melville was still there, his attendant and nurse, until the strongest proof of amendment appeared ; handed him his medicines, increased his comforts, read and talked to him, but strictly forbade (with a laugh) any observation from him, as, lady like, she was determined to have all the conversation to herself ; and she acquired, too, such a mastery over him, that he was the most obedient patient—*she* ever had at any rate : but, when reason became re-established, she owed it to herself to leave him in the care of his friends, visiting him once or twice a day, in the company of Mrs. Fauconberg. Mr. Manners, and all the house, now became his attendants and companions. The country surgeon was dismissed, with a fee commensurate with the generosity of Mr. Manners, and









